Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 28, 1959 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

MUSIC IN MOSCOW By Faubion Bowers

Michael Amrine, author of "The Great Decision: The Secret History of the Atomic Bomb" (SEE BOOKS)

DINOSAURS AND PERSONAL FREEDOM B

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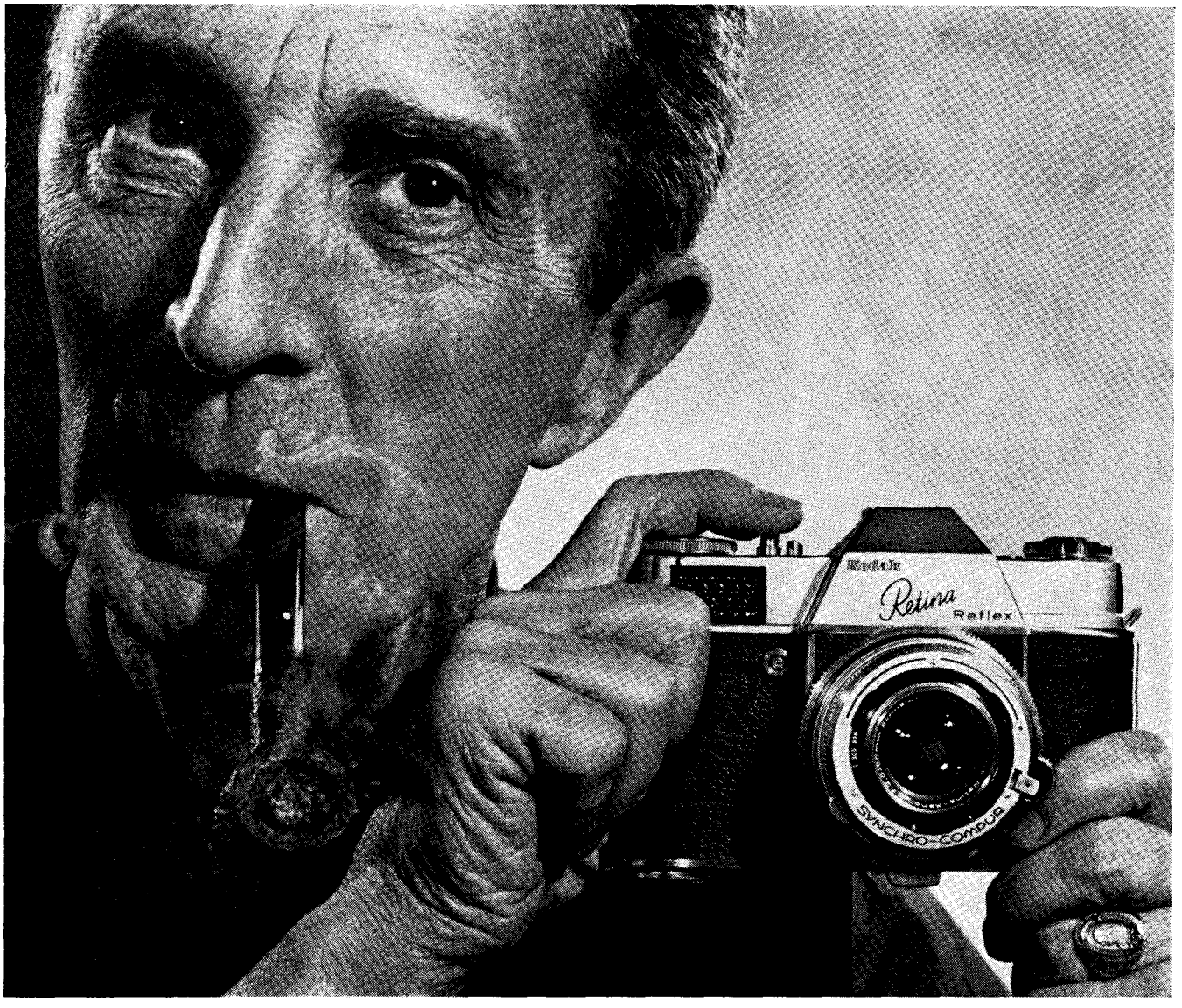

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer: Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 9. February 28, 1959. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y. with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

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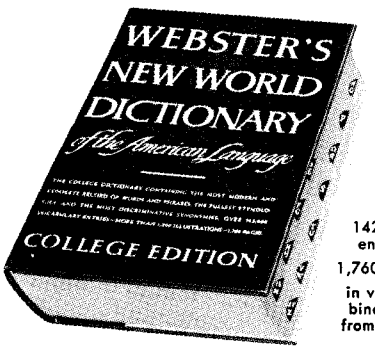

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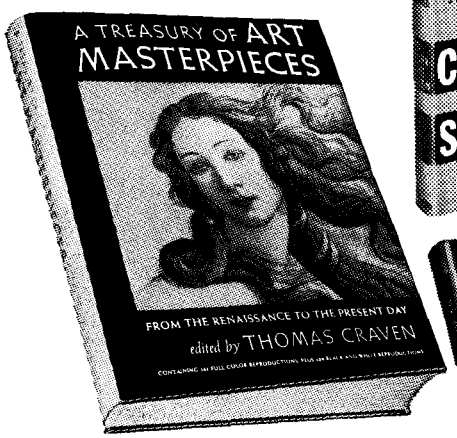

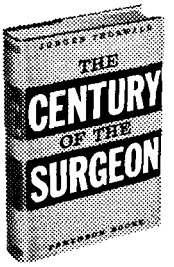

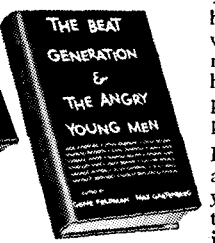

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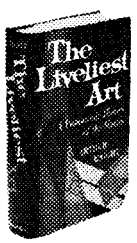

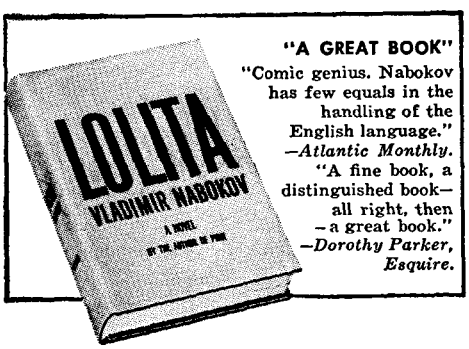

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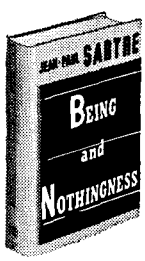

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TRADE Winds

LAST TIME I mentioned a book that was not available in Russia, namely "Doctor Zhivago." Perhaps it would be of interest to point out that there are piles of other books that you *can* read in the Soviet Union, in the Russian language. A quick perusal of only a few of the catalogues that list the thousands of books published there in 1958 shows that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had to be reprinted to satisfy the demand for it, and the same with some selected works of Edgar Allan Poe and Mark Twain.

"Madame Bovary" is to be had, as are stories by Ray Bradbury and Samuel Eliot Morison's volumes on the U. S. Navy in World War II. But after a few things of this sort, one would be obliged to turn to a mass of material like "Fine Arts of the Moldavian S. S. R.," "Group Method of Machining Parts," or "Problems of Pond Pisciculture."

A COMMUNICATION from Lillian Leitzel asks, "How do books get published? I mean, I know about the printing and all that, but how does a writer get a publisher to publish it?"

Yes, Lillian, there is a Santa Claus, but even he has not managed to have a book published, which shows you how difficult it is. However, why not take a typical case and let it speak for itself—"God and Freud," by Leonard Gross, a provocative study of how psychiatry and religion have found each other. Here's how it happened.

Gross was working on a long article on this general theme in 1956 for a national magazine, where he was a contributing editor. He ironed out the kinks in the piece and turned it in January 1, 1957, as ordered. Unfortunately, the magazine was *Collier's*. They would not let Mr. Gross up in the elevator, much less accept his story for publication, and he concentrated on getting severance pay instead of psychiatry and religion. He also became a free-lance writer.

A year later he attended a meeting of the Society of Magazine Writers, where Ken Rawson, boss of David McKay Co., Inc., discussed Vance Packard and McKay's "The Hidden Persuaders," which had then sold only 50,000 copies. "Any of you can write a 'Hidden Persuaders'," Rawson pep-talked, "Just ask yourself, 'What do I know that nobody else knows'?"

Well, Gross happened to be seated

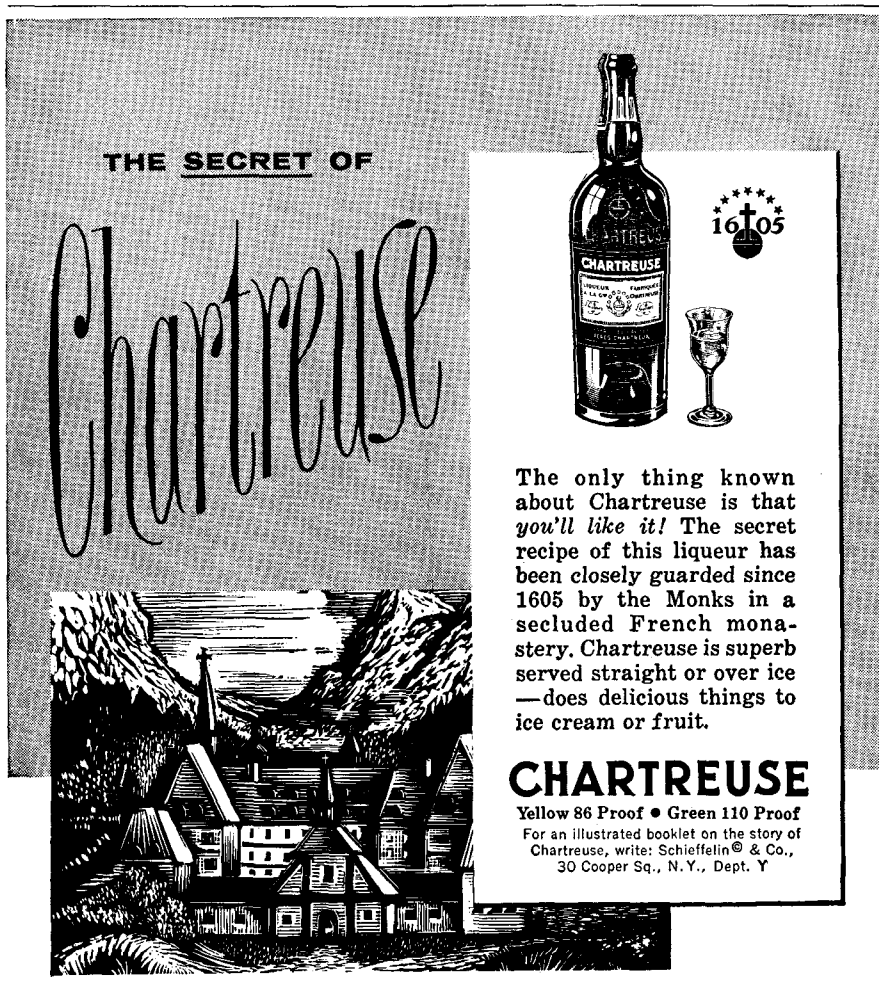
beside Eleanor Rawson, Ken's wife and chief editor. They chatted. The party broke up. That night at 2:00 A.M. it dawned on Leonard Gross that he knew about psychiatry-religion, something nobody else knew. He jumped out of bed, wrote a ten-page outline, and the next day showed it to Eleanor Rawson. Contract. Hard work. New book, just out.

So, how do you get a book published? Well, find a magazine that's about to fold, find a publisher with a wife. . . . I dunno, figure it out for yourself.

SPEAKING OF THAT fellow, Vance Packard, he has gone and written another one. This is called "The Status Seekers" (same publishers, McKay) and the Rawsons think it is a fine book, but they are taking no chances. Superstitious folks are publishing it at 9:00 A.M. April 29, which happens to be exactly two years to the second after "Persuaders" hit the bookshelves. Packard, on the other hand, is growing a beard, because this new book means that the villain will be barred not only from Madison Avenue but from the cross streets, too.

AND SPEAKING OF magazines that go out of business, new ones seem to come along to take their place. One of the most encouraging of these baby publications is called *Best Articles and Stories*, published in Bloomington, Indiana, as a spare-time venture by Jerome Ellison, who teaches courses in magazine writing and publishing in the journalism department of Indiana University.

BA&S is now well over a year old. It reprints in full articles, stories, and poems that the editors of approximately a hundred literary quarterlies and scholarly journals not usually seen on the newsstands have nominated as among the "best" they have published. *BA&S* is sold by subscription only; it doesn't condense anything, and it has no ads. This is as close as anyone can ever come to taking advantage of the rich material that is printed, year in and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3. Cashmere sweaters cost about $20—leather gloves around $3.50. You can bring back $500 worth of British goods, *duty-free*.

4. For 14¢, you can wander the grounds of Windsor Castle, see the Crown Jewels at the Tower, or visit Hampton Court.

NOTE: Over 400 British castles and mansions are now open to visitors. The average admission is 35¢.

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year out, in the minor quarterlies and journals of this and other countries.

For example, a piece called "Fitzgerald and Football" told the darnedest story I've ever read about Scott Fitzgerald. Apparently he was in the habit of telephoning Fritz Crisler,

then Princeton's coach, between midnight and 6:00 A.M. of the night before every home game, during the years 1932-1937. The calls came from Miami, Hollywood, New York—any place—and for a half hour or more the unhappy author would pour out his worries about the coming contest.

I don't know why I picked out this article to mention, except to show the variety of things in *Best Articles and Stories*. More power to them; it's a worthy venture.

SOMEONE TELLS ME that there has been published a book called "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers." I haven't seen it. I have also been informed that some of the 389 inhabitants of Lolita, Texas, are up in arms over the book of the same name. They are led by a minister of the town, who is campaigning to change the name. It is too late to change the name of the book, so they are going to change the name of the town, because Lolita is naughty. They want to change the name of the town to Jackson, Texas.

That's okay, as long as they realize that Mickey Spillane has a book out by that title. It also happens that Grace Metalious is working on a sequel to the sequel to "Peyton Place," and the tentative title is "Texas." This means that the inhabitants of what is now Lolita, Texas, will have to change the name of their state, too.

I don't know what to think about these book titles. Braziller has just published a novel called "The Pearl

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* Two words inserted to get a K.

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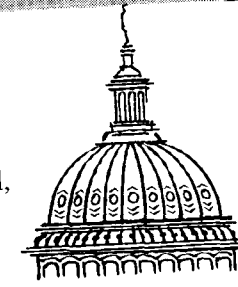

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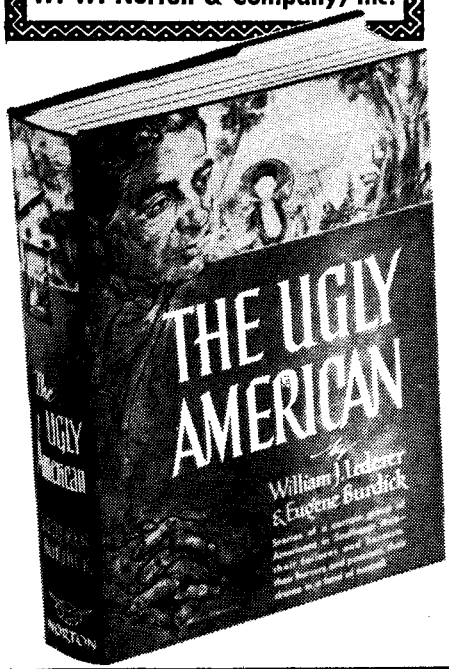

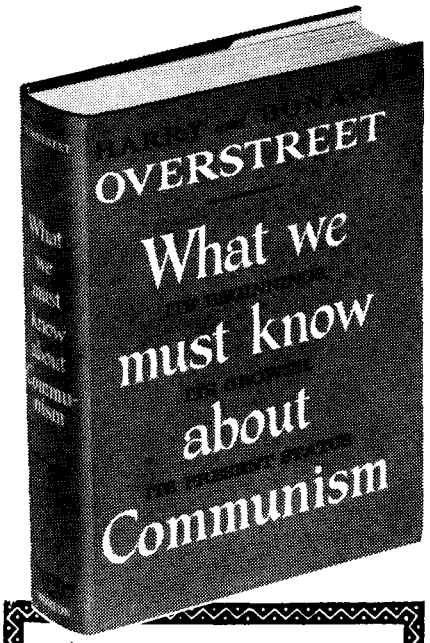

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Bastard" by Lillian Hale. It seems to have little reference to its title. And last week McKay came forth with a first novel by Brigitte von Tessin about a rogue, what else? This one is called "The Bastard." It was trans-

lated from the German. The title was easy to translate; it was originally entitled "Der Bastard." There is no town in Texas by that name. However, there is a tiny community in Canada called Chatterly's Lover, Ontario. I hope they don't find out what's going on.

FROM SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, comes an important query by Jean Lyons. She asks: could you call the noise made by a mob clamoring for equal rights "the din of inequity?"

Generally on the same subject, there was scant attention given in the papers to the divorce action where a well-known fighter for civil rights sued on grounds of mental cruelty: he discovered that his wife was separating the wash into two piles, one white and one colored.

IN THE "MAGYAR ALBUM," published recently by the American Hungarian Studies Foundation and edited by Alexander Ince, all the famous people of Hungarian descent are listed, like Alexander Korda, Edward Teller, Leo Szilard, Arthur Koestler, Tony Curtis, Cornel Wilde. Of course, the most famous Hungarian of them all is named, too. He is George Washington, who through his mother, Mar-

garet Butler, is a direct descendant of Stephen, the first King of Hungary.

► There is a new organization called "A.A." The initials stand for Athletes Anonymous. If at any time of the day or night a member feels the desire to take a brisk walk or to play a snappy game of tennis, he calls his buddy, who comes over and sits and drinks with him until the overwhelming urge for exercise goes away. More broken homes have been saved than you can imagine.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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by John Brooks . . . Once a stuffy market report, it has now discovered both news and culture. As a result it has become the intellectuals' darling . . . has vastly increased its readership . . . and is now the only daily published simultaneously in all major regions of the country.

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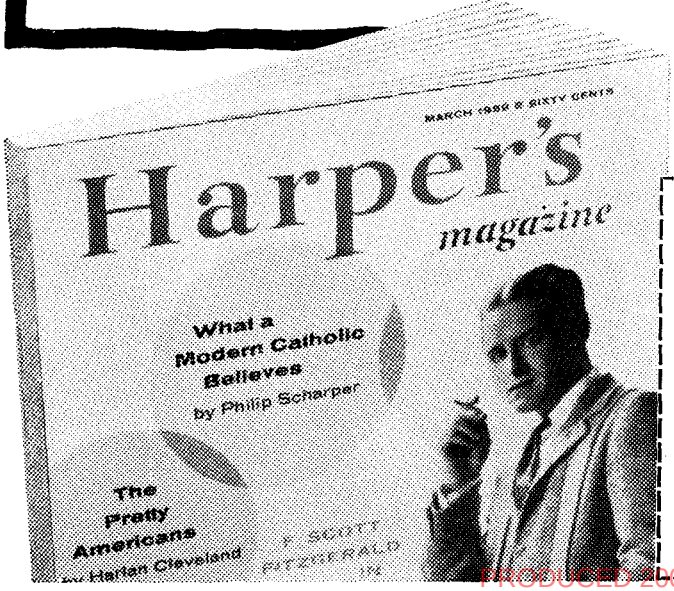

Also, in this issue: **THE HAPPY CARDIAC** by Clarence B. Randall . . . **FILE AND FORGET** by Stewart Richardson . . . **THE ELEGANT PROFESSIONAL WHO IS RUNNING ENGLAND** by William S. White . . . **EAGLE DAY** by Esther R. B. Wagner . . . **THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR** by John Fischer.

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 28, 1959

DINOSAURS AND PERSONAI

Last year SR *published an article by Kenneth Boulding that delved into man's relationship to, and his future in, the large-scale organization. Of all the problems that beset man during the phenomenal growth of the twentieth century, none is more acute than the individual's role in The Organization. Mr. Boulding was quite pessimistic, and he feared that eventually man would become engulfed in our burgeoning bureaucracy. However, there is another side of the argument: Man can retain both freedom and security in the large organization. Harlan Cleveland, dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, believes that man can survive and even flourish in The Organization. Dean Cleveland has held numerous Government posts, and has been executive editor and publisher of* The Reporter.

By HARLAN CLEVELAND

IT HAS become the fashion in recent years to cry havoc about one particular evidence of social complexity—the weedlike growth of large-scale bureaucracies, public and private. It is true, of course, that a finer division of labor and the availability of economies of scale encourage the erection of unwieldy-looking pyramids of authority. It is true that governments get bigger, business firms and labor unions get bigger, newspapers become fewer, and huge organizations make a growing proportion of the decisions that affect the welfare and destiny of us all. But is it true, as much of the current literature would imply, that this trend puts our welfare and destiny in fewer and fewer hands? Does the individual have less choice or more?

My impression is that "large-scale"

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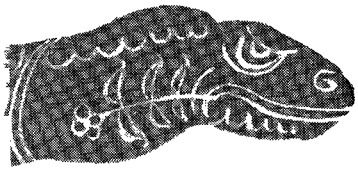

FREEDOM

organization generally implies loose organization. Precisely because big organizations make most of the vital decisions affecting our destiny, more people are participating in those decisions than ever before. The number of decisions that *are* important to our individual lives is multiplying so rapidly that it takes a growing proportion of the nation's available leadership to get them made at all. The result of bigness is actually a diffusion of the decision-making and decision-influencing process far beyond the wildest dreams of those worshippers at the shrine of Louis Brandeis, who wanted to keep power diffused by keeping the units of society small.

In turn, the diffusion of power in such an interdependent society as ours means that each individual leader has more responsibility to his fellow-men than ever before. And so, as though in recompense for this added burden, the American executive leader finds he can exercise more freedom of choice than ever before—if he only learns how to operate within a large organization.

Case for the Brontosaurus

In an article titled "The Jungle of Hugeness" in the *Saturday Review* in 1958, Kenneth Boulding argues that things look bad for the individual in a world dominated by huge organizations, but cheerfully concludes that there is a good deal of room in the interstices *between* the behemoths, where "individualists . . . and people who positively like smallness of scale" can nevertheless survive. In the "Great Forest of society," the brontosaurus can do a lot of harm if he steps on you, but his feet don't take up much of the available acreage and there is plenty left over for the nimble and quick.

Everybody looks at the world through his own knothole; but Mr. Boulding and I must be examining different worlds. Throughout this article he seems to assume that large organizations are single units, hierarchical, monolithic, and forbidding; that the only position of power in an organization is the number one spot; and that the interstices of freedom in our society are *outside* the large organizations. None of these propositions seems to me to have merit.

Mr. Boulding's alarm stems from the observation that what he calls the Organizational Revolution is tending "toward ever greater degrees of hugeness. The electronic calculator, the punched card, operations research, and decision theory all point to a still further revolution in the making, to a still further removal of the scale barrier to the point, say, where General Motors (or the Pentagon, if by that time there is any distinction between the two) might absorb the *whole* American economy, and we would have, of course, a Communist State.

"The case for capitalism is the case for smallness of scale; the case for Communism is the case against the Brontosaurus—that beyond a certain point, increase in the scale of organization results in a breakdown of communication, in a lack of flexibility, in bureaucratic stagnation and insensitivity. There is a great deal of evidence to show that with present techniques of organization the scale barrier is reached long before we get to an organization the size of Soviet Russia, and that an attempt to organize a large economy as a one-firm state is doomed to inefficiency, corruption, and cruelty.

"At first sight, even in America, things look bad for the individual . . ."

Mr. Boulding is an economist, so I will have to assume that he has some evidence, not visible to my naked eyes, which persuades him that the successes of American capitalism are due to smallness of scale. But his general picture depends for its logic on an even stranger notion: that the only countervailing power that might affect, say, General Motors is power outside the General Motors Corporation. On the contrary, it is observable that very large organizations do not operate as single units with one commander in charge. Most of the checks and balances are internal to the system. The tensions within the system are many and so, therefore, are the opportunities for leadership.

In a household managed by people who can walk and talk, a baby begins to experience a sense of personal freedom when it masters the techniques of walking and talking. Just so, in a world dominated by large-scaleness, it is those individuals who learn to work with and in large-scale organizations who will have a rational basis for feeling free. There are, of course, plenty of free men who work for giant corporations or government agencies —but they aren't those who are so afraid of them that they scurry into the "interstices" of smallness. I have no doubt that a large number of middle-grade bureaucrats in the Soviet Union have so mastered the System that they are, in a sense, experiencing within its limits a significant measure of personal freedom. The reason is that the Soviet is not, as Mr. Boulding protests, a "one-firm state," but a myriad collection of organizations of manageable size bound together by leadership and a sense of destiny in ways not so fundamentally different from other nations as they (and we) like to assume.

Organizations *do* get bigger all the time. The Defense Department, whose growth so alarms Mr. Boulding, already employs 1,175,915 civilians (not to speak of soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines) and uses nearly 10 per cent of our gross national product. It spends more than the whole national product of Canada, Japan, India, or Communist China, more than all states and local governments in the United States, including all public education for 40,000,000 people from kindergarten to state universities. As my colleague Jay Westcott puts it, "Every other American institution or business is a dwarf by comparison with the Department of Defense. Defense assets are greater than the combined wealth of the 100 largest corporations in America. (Indeed, some of their wealth depends largely

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on their ability to get contracts from the Defense Department.) Some individual defense installations have a greater worth than does the Ford Motor Company. The annual purchases of the Air Force alone are larger in volume than the output of America's greatest industrial producer—General Motors. The array of items purchased, distributed and used for defense is forty times as numerous as those marketed by Sears Roebuck and Company."

Do these facts mean the Defense Department is a dangerously monolithic organization, that there is no freedom in its military and civilian ranks, no interstices for individualists in the Pentagon building? The President of the United States has had difficulties trying to organize that Department's several satrapies under the more effective control of the Secretary of Defense. The Defense Department has never been a unit. The larger it gets, the less likely it is to achieve effective unity. If it did achieve the monolithic quality Mr. Boulding seems to fear, it would be dead on its feet. It is the internal administrative tensions in a bureaucracy which keep it alive. In this respect at least, a body politic is like the nervous system of an animal.

Conditions of Survival

"The bigger the organization," says Mr. Boulding, "the smaller the proportion of its members who can really be at the top of the hierarchy and participate in the major decisions, and the larger the proportion who must carry out policies which are set higher up." It is not clear to me that this is the nature of large-scale organization. I would be more inclined to argue that a large and powerful organization has so many more important decisions to be made that there is proportionately more, not less, decision-making authority to go around. The larger the organization and the wider its reach, the more lateral contacts it has to make and maintain, the more complexities must be sorted out by experts on complexity—which is to say leaders.

Moreover, in our society the larger the organization the more likely it is to be either a public agency or a private enterprise affected with the public interest. In such an organization the number of "major decisions" about *internal* management may simply rise in arithmetic ratio to size, but the decisions about *external* relationships, the consent-building decisions that are in the broadest sense of the term "political," surely rise in geometric ratio. It is observable that in a large organization affected with the public interest (a category which includes nearly all large business corporations and labor unions in our increasingly "mixed" economy), the nearer you get to the top of the hierarchy the fewer unreviewed decisions you make. The man who buys writing pads and pencils for a government agency is virtually his own boss, but the President of the United States has to operate in a world peopled with countervailing organizations in and out of government which believe his every move is of concern to them, and must therefore be cleared with them. The more countervailing organizations have to be consulted, the more members of the internal staff must be assigned to deal with them—and must therefore "participate in major decisions."

Finally, it is not true that in bigger organizations there is less room at the top. It may be that there is so little interesting "policy" to be made in some of the private corporations Mr. Boulding has studied that there is room for only one or two men to have the feeling they are "participating in major decisions." But a governmental agency wields such power that the lowliest field representative may legitimately feel that he is involved in major decisions. A junior field inspector of materiel for the Air Force may never participate in a "policy" conference with the Secretary of Defense, but his influence is great within his own sphere—and people judge themselves and are judged by others according to their influence (and their freedom of movement) within their own sphere. Doubtless, the local Communist Party hack in the U.S.S.R., even if he never sits in on a meeting of the Presidium, has an equally solid basis for high morale; he fixes his attention on the respects in which he is a big frog in a little pond, and chooses not to dwell on those aspects of his personal situation that would make him seem a tiny frog in the ocean of Soviet Communism. In spite of his unimpressive position on the totem pole of our agricultural bureaucracy, the county agricultural extension agent is a big man in his circle, disposing of substantial resources and representing, in the individual farmer's eyes, the power and weight of the U.S. Government.

I have known field missions of the U.S. foreign aid program in which virtually every employee had a vivid sense of importance, or "participation in major decisions," because the enterprise itself was palpably important and the daily work of each person obviously set precedents and could establish (or wreck) diplomatic relationships with a foreign power.

Mr. Boulding concludes that "small organizations, even down to the level of the 'independent person' will survive in the interstices between large-scale organizations." In our interdependent society one does not easily find the referent for the term "independent person"; but I suspect that those individuals will *feel* independent and self-confident who have learned how to survive and grow *within* large-scale organizations, not how to escape into the interstices *between* them. Perhaps Mr. Boulding should have carried his image of the brontosaurus one step further: If my son (our family's specialist on dinosaurs) is correctly informed, these huge beasts were remarkable, like the elephant, for their surprisingly soft tread.

Administrators All

It is a measure of the national mood that at the peak of American power we should be seized with the worry that large-scale organization is somehow a Bad Thing—that the very administrative skill which enabled us to build this strength and brought us free-world leadership is itself a threat to freedom.

My thesis here is the reverse: It is precisely by the development of his administrative skills that Man preserves and extends his freedom. The complexity of modern society and the omnipresence of large-scale organizations not only provide an opportunity for the fullest development of the responsible self; they actually place a premium on the exercise of a greater measure of personal responsibility by more people than ever before.

One of the results of modern technology and organization, for example, is to reduce the margins for error in a thousand ways. A hundred years

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Past Recaptured

By Granville Hicks

IN THE twentieth century one does not have to reach a great age in order to have lived in many worlds. This, as every teacher knows, makes communication between two generations seem almost impossible. I remember the shock I felt when I first took it in—and this was now some time back—that the students I was talking to had not experienced the emotions of that Sunday afternoon when we learned of the attack on Pearl Harbor. For today's undergraduates, of course, the Hiroshima bomb belongs to ancient history.

Part of the charm of Edith de Born's **"Felding Castle"** (Knopf, $3.95) comes from the fact that the life it describes seems so remote and yet for the narrator is only yesterday. The novel reads as if it were close to autobiography, but even if it is not, the significant point is that it could be. That is to say, a woman of today could be looking back on a girlhood spent in the great houses of Austria before the First World War.

"I was born in 1892," says the narrator, "into a world so different from that of my grandchildren that it might have been several hundred years ago." That world she recaptures by recreating her emotions as a child, when it was the only world she could conceive of. Milli at eleven and even at sixteen sees nothing strange in the way her elders are free to indulge themselves; she takes for granted the abundance of servants; that there are people who live differently scarcely occurs to her.

Although the narrator occasionally comments from her present point of view, most of the time she stays within the mind of the young Milli, and hence there is no suggestion of nostalgia. Milli does not find the life she leads particularly charming; she is too preoccupied with her own problems. But the reader is filled with wonder, though not with admiration.

Miss de Born, needless to say, has not evoked the atmosphere of the old Austria for its own sake. She has a story to tell, a love story. When she first visits Felding Castle at the age of eleven, Milli is romantically attracted to its master, whom she calls Uncle Ernst. That is not all Felding Castle means to her; she plays with Ernst's five sons, who are her contemporaries, and in other ways she behaves like a normal eleven-year-old. But Ernst has taken first place in her mind, and he continues to occupy it.

At sixteen she realizes that she is in love with him, and she moves rapidly from daydreams to a plan of action, which she promptly and startlingly carries out. It is a strange but not incredible scene that Miss de Born has given us—the moment when Milli asks Ernst to go away with her for a few days "because it is necessary, indispensable for the rest of my life." What happens then is described with subtle insight into both characters.

Although she writes in English and has had several novels published in England, Miss de Born was born in Vienna and has apparently spent much of her life in France. As a study of the states of mind of a young woman in love, "Felding Castle" is in the Continental tradition, but it escapes the sterility that that tradition so often seems to foster. This is no psychological exercise, but the evocation of an emotion in which one comes to believe.

WHAT I have been reminding myself as I read Hugh MacLennan's **"The Watch That Ends the Night"** (Scribners, $3.95) is that there are more and more people to whom the Depression seems as far away and long ago as the Austria of Franz Joseph seems to me. The Depression isn't what the novel is about, but it plays an important part in the shaping of the characters, and MacLennan has come as close as anyone I can think of to recapturing the moods of the Thirties.

The story, which is told in a moderately complicated fashion, begins in the early Fifties. The narrator, George Stewart, a radio commentator in Montreal, is happily married, although his happiness is clouded by the fact that his wife, Kate, has a serious heart condition. As the story opens, Stewart has a telephone call from Jerome Martell, who has been believed dead for more than a decade. Martell was not only Kate's first husband but a major influence on Stewart. His return provides the occasion for a series of flashbacks: Stewart's early and abortive romance with Kate; his experiences as a teacher in the Depression; his meeting with Jerome Martell, by then married to Kate; Martell's story; Stewart's involvement in left-wing politics; Martell's departure for Spain.

Meanwhile the story develops in the present. Martell's return affects the lives of several of his former associates, but the effect is greatest, naturally, on Kate and George Stewart. Kate, deeply moved, has an almost fatal heart attack, and although she recovers, it is clear that the end cannot be long delayed. How Stewart, helped by Martell, comes to terms with the situation, provides the theme for the book's final episode.

"Life was a gift; I knew that now." That is the note on which the novel ends, and because MacLennan chooses to emphasize this theme, Kate is ultimately the dominant figure in the book. Earlier, however, Martell dominates, and those passages are to me the more interesting parts of the novel, not because MacLennan is wrong in regarding the ultimate problems of life and death as more important than political issues but because what he has to say about the latter is fresher than what he has to say about the former.

"I tell you," George Stewart says, "there are few people who passed through the Thirties who even dare or can recall what that time was really like or what it did to human beings." The decade bred despair, and the despair in turn bred wild hopes: "This was a time in which you were always meeting people who caught politics just as a person catches religion." "During this long, drab hiatus," Stewart reports, "three things happened to me, as they happened to millions of other young men at that time. I lost my faith in religion; I lost by faith in myself; I lost my faith in the integrity of society." And he was never fully to recover: "I was an integral product of the Depression. In my heart I never believed that a job would last."

Unlike "Felding Castle," which is tightly controlled, "The Watch That Ends the Night" is a sprawling novel, unsatisfactory in several ways, but it does have the flavor of life. In particular it catches the mood of a specific moment of history. (Montreal was no different from countless cities in the United States.) It can profitably be read not only by those for whom the Thirties are the remote past but also by those who suffered through the decade, for MacLennan is right in saying that we prefer not to recall what the time was really like.

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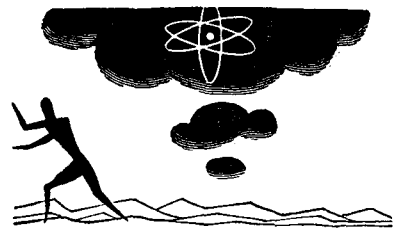
Documentary of a Deadly Victory

***"The Great Decision: The Secret History of the Atomic Bomb," by Michael Amrine** (Putnam. 251 pp. $3.95), is an effort to understand why our most cataclysmic weapon was directed, without explicit warnings, against civilian populations. A wartime physicist in the Atomic Bomb Project, J. H. Rush, our reviewer, is now a writer and physics consultant associated with the High Altitude Observatory of the University of Colorado.*

By J. H. Rush



ONE DAY in July of 1945 the physics division of the Oak Ridge atomic bomb laboratory held an impromptu meeting to consider a petition that Leo Szilard had sent from Chicago. I believe this draft recommended that the atomic weapon not be used against Japan. The discussion was animated and very serious. It resulted in a modified version that the majority on the Atomic Bomb Project signed and sent through Army channels to President Truman. That meeting was significant. It marked the first time that most of us had tried to articulate in a general discussion the disturbing questions that our work had evoked; and it was as near as we ever came to influencing the fateful decision that doomed Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Since that time one piece after another in the pattern of that decision has come to public view. Michael Amrine has done an outstanding service in assembling all of the essential policy developments that led to the use of the first atomic bombs, and in presenting these developments in their context of scientific and military events. Mr. Amrine knows how to put fire and lightning into words, as readers of some of his other publications on atomic questions know. But he has made of "The Great Decision" a restrained documentary work in which his feelings are subordinated to the meticulous account of tragedy evolving to its climax. The result is a compelling quality that recalls John Hersey's "Hiroshima." The writer's detachment, his refusal to get excited, leaves the reader free to enter the situation unemotionally and to experience the tragic determinism of a terrible responsibility that in the circumstances could hardly have been discharged otherwise than it was.

The book deals with the period from April 12, 1945, when Harry S. Truman succeeded to the Presidency and learned for the first time of the super weapons that would soon be ready, to the end of the Japanese war. This is a story of people, of the forces and motives that ordained their actions under stress. The President, Stimson, Byrnes, Generals Marshall and Groves, the Comptons, Oppenheimer, Szilard, and other scientists move on and off the stage like the fated characters in a Greek tragedy. (And anyone who thinks that equality between the sexes has arrived may like to ponder the fact that in all the tangled weft of these developments, no woman's name appears.)

The book is also an uncanny epic of mind, of man's peculiar abstract power to imagine and to project himself into the future. All the events that it recounts and the many earlier developments that precipitated them occurred in anticipation of a bizarre devise that until almost the last chapter did not exist. The atomic scientists set the stage. At Los Alamos "night after night they asked questions only an Einstein or your child will ask." As the weapon that had been but a nightmarish vision approached realization, the questions they asked themselves ranged far beyond nuclear physics. They had to face more immediately and acutely than any other scientists had done the moral consequences of their work. The Project scientists thought earlier and more deeply about these questions than almost any other people, and their diverse and uneasy conclusions bore with substantial force upon the ultimate political decision. Just how substantial was their influence must remain a debatable question.

On the political side one man towered above all the rest in his awareness of the meaning of the atomic development and in the fundamental quality of his thinking about the questions that it posed. That man was the Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson. His reactions and those of James F. Byrnes, who also figured intimately in the process of decision, presented a striking contrast. Stimson saw clearly that the atomic weapon would drastically alter the balance of power in the world and that the moral and political consequences of our use of it against Japan would be serious factors in an uneasy peace. At the same time, he felt deeply his responsibility for the young Americans he had mobilized and sent into combat, and weighed heavily the prospect that direct use of the bomb would end the war and save literally millions of both American and Japanese lives.

Other political factors intruded at Potsdam, where the decision became final. Both Truman and Churchill foresaw the prospect of a massive and prolonged Russian intervention against Japan, and did not like the consequences. They considered that an abrupt end to the war would limit Russia's participation in the Japanese peace settlement—as it did.

Allowing for differences of opinion and ambiguities in interpretation, the prevailing conviction among the atomic scientists appears to have been that the bomb should be used against Japan only if an explicit warning that it would be used brought no surrender. There is evidence that the President and his more influential political advisors were of this opinion also. Yet the bombs were used in the way one might have expected them to be used if the decision had been left to a military field officer who had no broad comprehension of the consequences. They were used as soon as they were ready, against civilian populations, without explicit warning.

Why the great decision took this stark form, despite all the agonized effort to moderate its inhumanity, is the perplexing question that Mr. Amrine tries to clarify. So far as his material permits, he has done well. But he points out that even today some of the essential documentation is still classified "secret."

If 100 years from now our use of the bomb appears to have been justified at all, I believe it will be for a pragmatic reason that (though Arthur Compton mentioned it) appears to have weighed little if at all in the thinking of those who made the decision. That reason is the probability that nothing short of a demonstration of the atomic bomb against a city of living people could have shocked the world into a realization of the consequences of another war.

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VENTURE

Seekers of the Farthest Reaches

"The Springs of Adventure," by Wilfrid Noyce *(World. 255 pp. $4), probes the forces that galvanize men into undertaking hazardous feats. Our peripatetic Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, himself an inveterate alpinist, has unbounded admiration for the work.*

By William O. Douglas

THIS is a book for the armchair adventurer, as well as for those who love the high peaks, the desert, the seas, the remote areas of the world, or the interplanetary spaces. It is an analysis of why men (and to some extent women) reach out beyond the normal limits of our sojourn on earth and suffer untold hardships including death itself to reach a summit, to traverse a limitless desert, to go by raft across an angry ocean, to run treacherous rivers.

The author has a keen, inquisitive mind, and he writes against a background of rich personal experiences. For he has climbed hard and high, both in Europe and in India. For this volume he draws not only from his own experiences but from that of others. He has done a splendid job of research in American and European literature since the end of the eighteenth century and presented a fascinating analysis of what he has discovered.

The reasons why men seek adventure are many and speculative. The author is the first to admit that the mystery never ends. He has submitted several categories, each of which is an attempt to explain some adventurers. Among those he lists are the hair shirt, contrast and cult of danger, pleasure (which may mean being alone or the excitement of sheer motion), escape from the doldrums, fame and money, conquest and competition, science, love of the machine, plain curiosity, and so on.

Certainly these are arbitrary groupings, as the author would be the first to concede. He cites Dr. Johnson as one who had a weakness for trailing his stick along the railings as he walked. And if he chanced to miss one, he would go back to make sure of hitting it. He admits that this effort to classify reasons for adventure may be as fruitless as Dr. Johnson's hobby. Yet one who absorbs these pages will realize that the classification of reasons is of secondary importance. The strength of the book is in the probing of the minds and hearts of explorers, looking for the mainsprings that drove them on and on.

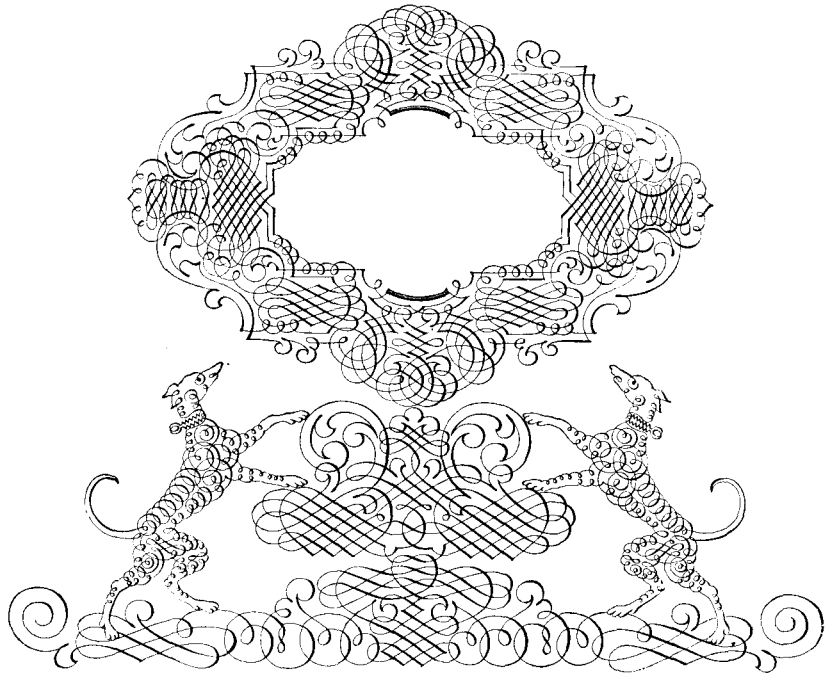
The search is a rewarding one. It takes us through a wealth of literature, both poetry and prose. It exposes motivations that are base and those that are sublime. It takes one from physiology to religion. It touches slightly on intellectual adventure but only when it is part of some enterprise that involves the entire body.

The heroes of the Western world are here, from Perry to Mallory, from Livingstone to Byrd. The mountains are here in all their glory, including those exquisite minutes when one stands at a pinnacle. But equally honored are those who, hurtling through space, test some new machine or give man a new dimension for his living. There is a beautiful passage from "The Savage Mountain" written by Charles S. Houston and Robert H. Bates when they discovered at Camp VIII on K2 that one of the team had developed thrombophlebitis. Doughty and his devotion to the Arabian desert are described in moving terms. The dream of flight and the achievements of the gliders are eloquently portrayed. Hermann Buhl's lone conquest of Nanga Parbat and Lindbergh's solo crossing of the Atlantic are masterfully described. The call of the sea will have special appeal to many. The underwater exploits of Beebe and others are here in splendid word pictures. The familiar and the new are put in perspective.

Each reader will have his own choice—one to fit the mood and the personality. For me the most moving passages are about Sven Hedin, who traversed Asia three times, the first in 1893 from west to east. Once he was lost in the desert; his caravan wandered and died. Only Hedin and his servant survived. They buried themselves in sand by day to keep cool and went without water for four days. "When he finally reached water, alone, after four days quite without it, he was still so much the scientist that he took his own pulse before drinking."

There are many heroes of the Western world which this volume brings to the stage. Each is here in all his glory. Sixteen pages of black and white pictures illustrate the story.

The volume is rich in conversation pieces for those who experience adventure only vicariously. For the doers who go forth into the farthest reaches of the earth and sea and sky this book is a real treasure trove.



DECORATIVE WRITING, said J. G. Schwandner, is "among the more elegant of those arts which commend and ornament a man of quality." His **"Calligraphy"** (Dover, $10), published 200 years ago in Vienna, is one of the most ambitious collections ever made. Here is a calligraphic frame of a European royal house.

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Triumph by Traverse of Crevasse

"The Crossing of Antarctica," by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary *(Little, Brown. 328 pp. $7.50), conducts the reader through the dangers of a ninety-eight-day, 2,158-mile trip across the frozen underbelly of the earth.* SR*'s critic, Carl R. Eklund, was ornithologist with Admiral Byrd during the 1939-41 U.S. Antarctic Expedition. Based in the Palmerland Sector, he rode by dog sledge 1,264 miles with but one companion over an area later traversed by Fuchs. He was Wilkes Station Scientific Leader in Antarctica during the IGY.*

By Carl R. Eklund

THE first crossing of the Antarctic Continent by Sir Vivian Fuchs's ten-man party will go down in history with other great sledging trips made by Amundsen, Scott, Shackelton, Mawson, and various of Admiral Byrd's men in the South Polar regions.

Like many books on Antarctica, this deals too much with prosaic logistics and minute preparations for the expedition, starting from the time it was first conceived until the engines were finally cranked up and the trans-antarctic crossing begun. The interest of the keen student of the polar regions will be held, but for the casual reader it might become a bit dull. More along the human-interest lines could have been included, since men living together in close proximity for such a long time develop problems not common to the man in the city. How these problems are met, coupled with the many inevitable humorous incidents, make for good reading.

In spite of the great number of factual details recorded by Fuchs and Hillary, the reader will sense the drama, the hardships, and the real dangers involved in this ninety-eight-day, 2,158-mile trip. Surface travel over glacial crevasses is dangerous even with a dog team. To do it with 7,000-pound vehicles is infinitely worse. The experience of falling through a small hole in a snow bridge over a crevasse and catching oneself by the elbows on the lip of the hole would give one an appreciation for the helpless sensations Fuchs and his men must have had with the sinking of their Sno-cats in these places. Lacking such an experience, the readers will get some idea of how it must feel from the book's excellent pictures, and the writers' vivid descriptions of their crossings. Literally hundreds of crevasses had to be crossed.

Sometimes it appears Fuchs tries to be deliberately matter of fact under difficult circumstances, as for instance when one of his men—entirely on his own—lowered himself into a crevasse to obtain ice crystals. He left only his scarlet crash helmet in the snow beside the hole in the crevasse. On seeing the helmet, Fuchs exclaimed, "Good heavens—where's David?" "Oh," replied a companion, "I saw his helmet by that hole a little while ago and wondered where he was—I meant to remark on it, but forgot!" Such casualness is a bit farfetched.

The scientific achievements resulting from this traverse will be considerable. Gravity tests were made every fifteen miles. Seismic shots to determine icecap thickness, involving laborious boring of a thirty-six-foot hole to place charges, were made every thirty miles. Ramsonde recordings for measuring hardness of snow accumulated over the years were taken periodically. And all this done with the temperatures well below zero most of the time!

Sir Edmund Hillary's reconnaissance of a route up the Skelton Glacier to the Icecap, and his party's subsequent trip to the South Pole, were smooth operations. I would liked to have read more of their visit to Cape Crozier, where they found the old rock hut occupied by Dr. Edward Wilson of Scott's expedition during his studies of the first Emperor Penguin rookery ever located in history.

In this age of mechanization it is pleasant to note that sledge dogs played an important role, as they did with Amundsen and Byrd. Fuchs used two teams effectively as far as the South Pole in surveying crevassed areas for the later traverse with the vehicles. Hillary used them for more than 700 miles on his support trip to the pole, and the dogs were the sole means of surface travel by the New Zealanders' Northern and Southern Survey Parties, and for shorter trips to the Emperor Penguin rookery at Cape Crozier. Both bases traveled over 4,000 miles by this means.

Fuchs properly acknowledges the help given him by Major James Lassiter and Captain Finn Ronne from the American Ellsworth Station, and by Admiral George Dufek and his men, but he does a "once over lightly" regarding his relationship with Hillary. It will be recalled that Hillary, upon reaching the South Pole in his support of Fuchs, recommended to Fuchs, as well as to the London home office of the expedition, that the main party not continue on from the pole because of the lateness of the season. In view of the considerable publicity given Hillary regarding his arrival at the pole when the original plans apparently never called for his going there, and considering that Fuchs's party was not in a bad position at the time, it might have been the better part of valor not to have sent the messages. Certainly Fuchs made the right decision in his determination to go on. Both men chose to minimize this in the book—and perhaps that is all that could have been done—but there must have been some extremely strong feelings by Fuchs and his party over Hillary's recommendations. I was en route home from Antarctica at the time, and the Australian and New Zealand press made much over it.

The eleven-hour, 1,430-mile flight by Lewis, Haslop, Weston, and Williams from Shackelton to Scott bases via the South Pole was the first transpolar flight ever made with a single-engine plane. It was not, however, the first transantarctic flight in a single-engine plane, as claimed. Lincoln Ellsworth and his pilot, Herbert Hollick-Kenyon, flew their single-engine plane 2,200 miles from Dundee Island at the north tip of the Palmer Peninsula on November 23, 1935, and landed on the Ross Shelf Ice sixteen miles from Little America on December 25, 1935. Four stops were made en route, and this was the first trans-antarctic flight in history with any type of plane. The paths of the two planes almost paralleled. The British plane made only one stop en route.

Nine maps, and ninety-three photographs including thirty superb color plates taken by George Lowe and Jon Stephenson, make this by far the best illustrated of all Antarctic publications. To those interested in polar logistics and equipment the nineteen-page appendix is a gold mine.

I would have given anything to have been with them!

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FICTION

Daily Life of the Border-Tossed

"Sigh for a Strange Land," by Monica Stirling *(Little, Brown. 188 pp. $3.50), is a novel about refugees who fled from Hungary after the revolt. It is reviewed by Henriette Roosenburg, who is the author of "The Walls Came Tumbling Down," an account of her own experiences after release from a German concentration camp.*

By Henriette Roosenburg

THE setting for "Sigh for a Strange Land" is the Hungary during the uprising, but Miss Stirling has resisted the temptation to write about the gun-toting youth, the rebellious intellectuals, the children who attacked tanks, and the grisly consequences. She concentrates instead on the people who had no idea of what was going on, who took no active part but were swept up by the big wave and deposited as refugees in Austria.

We see this refugee world through the eyes of three people: the narrator of the book, Resi, a girl of about sixteen with all the precocious wisdom of children who have never known anything but war and occupation, hunger, and the daily struggle for survival; her elderly Russian aunt, Natasha, who counters all the misfortunes of her revolution and war-tossed life with a bottle of schnaps and the glorious memories of a rich and aristocratic youth, and "Uncle" Boris, once Natasha's lover, who has long since become the family protector. Boris has been running a circus and it is he who, on the first afternoon of the uprising, puts Resi, Natasha, a group of neighbors and three horses into his van and triumphantly crosses the border, where they are herded into the makeshift shelters of town halls and school buildings.

It is here that Miss Stirling shows a deep compassion and a rare insight into the state of the refugee, who desperately tries to cling to his identity, who goes right on distrusting and deceiving authority even if the authority is as well-meaning as the Red Cross, who breaks even the most reasonable rules in his tenacious search for privacy and a solution of his own, and generally behaves in a way that exasperates those who are trying to help him. Perhaps all of this is best summarized in the words of one woman who (settling herself on a straw-covered floor amidst scores of earlier arrivals), sighs plaintively, "I always thought refugees were other people."

The irrepressible Natasha keeps her own and Resi's spirits up with stories of the fabulous past, of trips to Venice, glittering balls, and romances that took her all over Europe. Resi starts asking questions about her own parents, whom she has never known, and for the first time her aunt tells her the full truth—a complicated story of changing loyalties and nationalities. The girl asks, "Then—I'm really Italian?"

"Really? Well, no. Technically you were, but really you're a quarter Russian, a quarter Czech, a quarter French, and a quarter Italian."

"No wonder you decided I should have false papers."

"It wasn't so much that as the fact that your parents came under the heading intellectuals—and your mother was half Jewish."

The terrible indictment of this kind of world lies in the fact that a sixteen-year-old needs no explanation to fully understand this reasoning.

There are lighter moments too. Miss Stirling has a wonderful ear for the wry and sometimes incongruous humor of refugees. When our trio visits their first free-world restaurant, they at once and in silent accord empty the sugar bowl and divide the lumps—a gesture so typical that anyone who has ever gone hungry for a stretch of time and then encountered sudden bounty will immediately recognize it.

For a little while, when Resi is all but adopted by a kindly English woman and her son, her world brightens considerably, but then Aunt Natasha dies of pleurisy. The girl realizes that she is alone in the world and must make her own decisions. She tries to cling to Boris, but for him all reason for living has fallen away with Natasha's death and he only wants to go back to die somewhere among familiar things.

It is the young Englishman who urges Resi to make her own choice.

Criminal Record

MURDER IN NEW GUINEA. *By John W. Vanderdook. Macmillan.* $3.50. Knife-tossing and island-hopping British Special Agent Bertram Lynch (previous stops in series were Trinidad, Fiji, Haiti) and Yankee sidekick Robert Deane trail missing prospectors in Papua and put finger on Port Moresby killer. Placid and pleasant, with nice scenery.

NO QUESTION OF MURDER. *By Peter Curtis. Crime Club.* $2.95. Three principals (nanny, husband, mistress) in five separate narratives describe events leading up to and following demise of wealthy Englishwoman. Nice air of foreboding; smooth and finished, with agreeably small and realistic cast. (Yarn turns out to be work of novelist Norah Lofts; is described as "early," but no date is given.)

NEW HORIZONS IN CRIMINOLOGY. *By Harry Elmer Barnes and Negley K. Teeters. Prentice-Hall.* $9.65. Third edition (first 1943, second 1951) of standard manual in field contains much new material (work is aimed at college students, social workers, jurists, lawyers, legislators); illustrated, 650 pages. Comprehensive and up-to-date.

THE CASE OF THE CHASED AND THE UNCHASTE. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Random House.* $2.95. Mac, Chicago eye, flies to Hollywood to protect producer's small daughter, but snatchers snatch anyway, and murder strikes. Well-handled, adult yarn, despite year's corniest title.

AND WHY NOT? *By Vincent Gaspard Malo. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. French cabinet minister's body (lead in head) turns up in Paris apartment of lady friend of Dave Howes, English reporter; two more corpses develop in tale that is one long round of pub-crawling, with every drink identified (and few duplications). Woozy.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Tension in Tangiers

"Eight Days," by Gabriel Fielding *(Morrow. 370 pp. $4.50), is a novel of suspense, wit, and religion. William Bittner, who is the author of "The Novels of Waldo Frank," appraises the author's skill in juggling these elements.*

By William Bittner

EVEN among the works of the most experienced of Catholic Englishmen there is not so smooth a mixture of religion, wit, and suspense as in Gabriel Fielding's "Eight Days." Fielding, a descendant of the author of "Tom Jones," one of the earliest of dramatic English novels, is en route to being a worthy heir of his forebear.

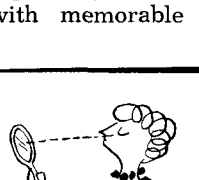
The setting for the book is the turbulent international zone of Tangiers, the main character a prison doctor just bereaved of his wife, and a recent convert to Catholicism. Through the Moslem uprising that accompanies his spiritual struggles, Dr. Chance is constantly taunted by a pack of English-Catholic rascals with the inadequacy of the convert to the "cradle Catholic."

The author's preceding book, "In the Time of Greenbloom," a story of awareness and conscience, was an astonishing novel, haunting in atmosphere, with memorable characters. "Eight Days" is not quite so good. It is a sad cliché to dub a first novel "promising" and the second "disappointing," but that is all a reviewer can do with Fielding's work to date, and this with complete sympathy for and confidence in him. His first book was good, as are those of many writers, because it made sensitive use of the materials of his own life. The second—for, I suspect, exactly the same reason—is inadequate.

Each figure in the new novel is mysterious enough for a cloak-and-dagger thriller, and a good bit more unpredictable. My favorite character is Marcovicz, a renegade Jew, survivor of Hitler's concentration camps, who has a compulsion to strangle women, but in the meantime makes a precarious living as arms smuggler, hatchet man, and drug peddler. Hebar, the bartender, is a person of considerable dignity and no trustworthiness; Haleb, the street urchin, has no status, but is as loyal as a Baker Street Irregular, while the most despicable person is Thaaren, a Danish quisling on the make among the Arabs.

For all its concern with fraud and piety, "Eight Days" is pervaded with suspense. It puts to shame the dichotomy of the work of other Catholic writers of "entertainments" in that it carries the religious and the suspenseful tensions to a simultaneous climax. Its fault is perhaps that it is too tense: one cannot do, even in 370 pages, what Graham Greene has never done.

But perhaps it is impossible to combine international and cosmic suspense in the way that Fielding attempted. The trivial and the vital are often at odds. Nevertheless, his new book is gripping, and if his success is less this time than readers of his earlier work anticipated, that failure is more effective than many writers' successes.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THESE ARE THEIR STORIES

The autobiography is always with us—indeed, it is more abundant than ever these days. Nan Cooke Carpenter, presently of Pasadena, California, submits the titles of a score of fairly recent offerings in this literary department and asks you to assign them to the correct narrators. Answers on page 33.

1. "A Different Drummer"	( ) Fred Allen
2. "A Goodly Fellowship"	( ) Marian Anderson
3. "A New England Girlhood"	( ) Bernard Baruch
4. "All Out of Step"	( ) Ruth Muirhead Berry
5. "Autobiography of a Yogi"	( ) Mary Ellen Chase
6. "————: My Own Story"	( ) Richard Church
7. "Call Me Lucky"	( ) Bing Crosby
8. "Everybody's Autobiography"	( ) Milovan Djilas
9. "Face to Face"	( ) Harry Emerson Fosdick
10. "Goodbye to All That"	( ) Robert Graves
11. "Gypsy: A Memoir"	( ) Nancy Hale
12. "Have Tux, Will Travel"	( ) Bob Hope
13. "I'll Cry Tomorrow"	( ) Rose Louise Hovick
14. "Land Without Justice"	( ) Gerard Lambert
15. "Life Plus 99 Years"	( ) Nathan Leopold
16. "My Lord, What a Morning"	( ) Ved Mehta
17. "Much Ado About Me"	( ) Paramhansa Yogananda
18. "Over the Bridge"	( ) Lillian Roth
19. "The Living of These Days"	( ) Gertrude Stein
20. "To Enjoy God"	( ) Robert H. Welker

Shutung's Shrines

"The Eavesdropper," by Lin Tai-yi *(World. 251 pp. $3.75), explores, in fiction, some of the reasons for the downfall of Nationalist China. Robert Payne, who has lived in the Orient, is the author of many books, among them "House in Peking" and, most recently, "The Gold of Troy."*

By Robert Payne

THE YOUNG Chinese who came to maturity during the war were almost painfully idealistic. Forced back into the hinterland by the advancing army of the Japanese, at the mercy of corrupt officials, never knowing when they would have to abandon their cities and move into Tibet, they prided themselves on their ability to survive. They had toughness and innocence. They took dirt, hunger, fever, and bombs in their stride, and seemed to have inexhaustible reserves of strength. But by 1946 the mirror was beginning to crack. The reserves of strength were all used up, and the generation with all the virtues was incapable of any prolonged exercise of virtue. In the end they went like lambs over to the Communists.

In her autobiographical novel Lin Tai-yi has tried to explain to herself how this happened, and why, and whether it could have been prevented and who was responsible. She has come up with some startling and reasonable answers, and she has put her finger on at least one which has hitherto escaped detection: the Chinese pride in their ability to do without was not a virtue, but an acid and corroding factor in the general corruption. There is a sense in which her whole novel is a study on the theme of virtue overreaching itself. She says

> The disease for which I was looking for a name, was, after all, an old one; it was the disease of Confucian morality carried to extremes, and it was both contagious and hereditary. The moral whip was what kept us all going during the war. We were in the midst of

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a great campaign called the "total mobilization of the spirit," tapping what was the biggest reserve force of the people for centuries—morality—and it acted as a kind of artificial stimulant. There seemed to be a contest to see who could survive longest on the least material sustenance before giving up the ghost. This perverse morality was slowly and virtuously choking us to death.

This is not to suggest that the novel is a moral tract. These reflections are part of the fabric of an immensely entertaining story which brings the hero to the U.S. in the years before the war, then to wartime China, and back to America again. Lin Tai-yi's America is not altogether convincing: the Pagoda restaurant and Mott Street shimmer like Chinese paintings. But when she writes about Chungking, Kweiyang, and Chengtu, we believe in her characters completely.

Her thinly disguised portraits of Kuomintang officials, fiddling with banknotes while Chungking burns, carry authority. We recognize the esthetic magazine editor who achieves fame by keeping up an interminable correspondence with Bernard Shaw, as we recognize the ineffable Madame Kuan, who is so high up in the hierarchy of government that she wonders what China would do without her, and is so dazzled by her own magnificence that she does nothing at all, thinks only about her bridge-partners, and happily consigns China to perdition when she sees the rot spreading around her. They are not pretty portraits, nor are they final ones: we still await the Chinese Tacitus who will paint the poison in the appropriate colors.

Mostly it is the story of a love affair—Shutung's continual love affair with the world, described with tenderness and gaiety. Shutung's love for the rich beauty Feina, dying of tuberculosis, belongs to the classic tradition; so too does his affection for the Buddhist monastery on Mount Omei, which is richly described. Like many heroes from Chinese novels, Shutung has affinities with the famous Pao Yu of "The Dream of the Red Chamber," but he is none the worse for that.

At a time when we are beginning once more to remember that China exists, it is worth while to read a novel which explores with subtlety and conviction why, ten years ago, China went crashing to its downfall.

OF LATHES AND LOVERS: Tidily arranged in the background of Joseph Whitehall's first novel, **"The Angers of Spring"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50), are a number of wholesome, average citizens: a young engineer just out of school and sizzling with all the fires that burn at twenty-two; a deep-chested office girl only waiting to tend the right young man's vernal fires; the whimsical owner of a precision-tool factory; his prim accountant; a salty machinist. These people are all given credible names, lively things to say, and enough thumbnail characterization to keep them distinguishable, but unintrusive. Then, in the foreground, the book's real subject relaxes: a bright, clean, orderly machine shop, with lathes, bending brakes, blueprints, tool crib, galvanometers, and odor of scorching oil—all described with zest and authority. Though Mr. Whitehall acknowledges people, his heart and insight really belong to his oscilloscopes, capacitors, and geophones. His descriptions, for instance, of a turret lathe operator at work, are alive and communicate genuine feeling.

Alas, Mr. Whitehall also feels obliged to tell us what his characters do when they go home. These chapters are dutiful (and in one of them, a seduction scene, the exactness of the observation is again impressive), but they only mark time until we are back in the shop and someone can say, "You're talking about a solenoid actuator. This thing is a variable inductance. They use them in the 60-cycle rejection filters in the galvanometer amplifiers."

An honest book, but perhaps best recommended to undergraduates at MIT. Mere novel-readers, who are curious about the insides of human beings, had better forage elsewhere.

—Robert Phelps.

SHADY SIDE: Peter Vansittart is an upper-class angry young Briton with an excellent subject and, as yet, not enough literary skill to bring it off. In his morality novel, **"Orders of Chivalry"** (Abelard-Schuman, $4), he takes for a ride the whole of English semipublic life: press lords, shady tycoons, cultural climbers, professional wits, TV pundits, and elegant do-gooders. Though his observations are sharp and often funny, the book as a whole does not succeed, because Mr. Vansittart has overloaded it with characters and situations, as well as with metaphors and images.

"Orders of Chivalry" is about a monumental pageant called "The Festival of London." The principal characters are an ambiguous Hungarian refugee millionaire and his wife, a sensitive siren, who turns out to have Negro blood; a TV funnyman; a professor with a knack for money, and a juvenile delinquent—characters who stand for Violence, Beauty, Frivolity, Deceit, and Anarchy. Virtue is represented by an ex-army officer, who is so grieved with the postwar world in general and the goings-on at the Festival preparations in particular that he retires to Africa to forget.

The circumstances that lead to the downfall of the shady Hungarian millionaire are rather cleverly developed, but their effect is spoiled by compassion creeping in where it does not belong. The resulting book is neither straight novel nor satire. This is a shame, since Mr. Vansittart has talent, industry, scope, and imagination.

—Nika S. Hazelton.

THE NOBLE ARCHERS of Assyria from the ninth century B.C. gates of one of its rulers appear in Albert Champdor's richly illustrated **"Babylon"** (Putnam, $5.95). Now buried in the sand and ancient quiet of the Mesopotamian desert, the relics of Hammurabi and Nebuchadnezzar are recreated in the story of Babylon's brilliant civilization, its wisdom, and the gods it worshipped. The book is the second in the series "Ancient Cities and Temples."

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"Is God a Christian?"

THE question came up during a conference session at which students of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Calif., could question the Earl Lecturer. Part of the talk had been concerned with man's relationship to an expanding universe as he prepared to embark on the great adventure into outer space. The lecturer had called attention to the prodigious implications on man's religions of a world that was literally bursting its bonds. The adjustment that man had to make centuries ago when it was proved that the earth was not the center of all things was nothing as compared to the size of the adjustment required by an open and traversable universe in which life, as sacred as man's, existed on perhaps billions of planets. One had only to stretch his idea of infinity far enough to cover the reappearance of the unique in order to comprehend the reality of endless recurrence.

The principal obstacle to the extension of man's reach beyond the earth, the lecturer had added, was not represented by a potential shortage of knowledge or facilities, but by the fact that man might perish on this planet even before he could take off for other ones. The environment man had superimposed on nature was rapidly becoming hostile to his own survival. There was no doubt that he could invent virtually everything he needed—everything except the means of preventing war. Nor was there any doubt that man now had available to him the engines for the massacre of his own species. Thus the world had suddenly become too small for the sharp points of conflicting ideologies or theologies; too small, in fact, for anything except some unifying ideas.

The resulting challenge to theologians, whether they called themselves Protestants or Catholics or Jews or Buddhists or Moslems or Hindus, was to serve man in the way man now most needed to be served; namely, in those vital things that were beyond his differences, in the things that could pull him together at a time when his existing institutions were serving to pull him apart. If man's contrasting views of God, as represented by different theologies, prevented him from mobilizing his spiritual resources in the fight to survive, then there was something clearly inconsistent between the nature of his beliefs and the cause of his destiny.

It was not necessary, the speaker had said, for man to improvise the means for a larger unity. The unity existed in his own oneness. It was this point that prompted the student's question.

"Anyone who believes in the oneness of God and therefore the oneness of man would have no difficulty, at least theoretically, in accepting what you say," he began. "But I suspect we will run into trouble when each theology begins to act on the basis of its own detailed definition of that oneness.

"I'm no exception. While you were giving your lecture, I kept thinking of Christianity as the only great unifying idea. If someone had asked me, 'Is God a Christian?' my answer would be an immediate and doubt-free yes. Now, how do I go about getting all the others to agree? And what do I do when the others counter by asking me to agree with *them*?"

I respectfully suggested that this wasn't the kind of unity I had been talking about in the lecture. If Christians insisted on an affirmative answer to the question: "Is God a Christian?" as a pre-condition for a unified approach to the overriding needs of our time, then they were apt to discover that the large majority of God's children didn't agree with them. For the combination of man's sovereign individuality and his geographical separation had produced a glittering variety of religious experience. Up to now, remoteness had made possible Great Separations. But a suddenly compressed world had now made mandatory a Great Confrontation—for religion and everything else and what was required today is not the absorption of all religions into a common theology but a common resolution to mount a common attack on a common problem in a common cause.

If what we seek to do is to utilize the spiritual resources of men in meeting their problem at its largest, then those resources will have to come from Christian and Jew, from Moslem and Hindu, from Buddhist and Taoist, from Confucian and Ba'ha'i. But if the individual representatives in this grand spiritual concourse draw away the moment there is a variance from a particular theology, then the possibility of common action is destroyed.

WE MAY not be able to persuade Hindus that Jesus and not Vishnu should be paramount on their spiritual horizon, nor Moslems that Lord Buddha is at the center of their spiritual universe, nor Hebrews that Mohammed is the major prophet, nor Christians that Shinto best expresses their spiritual concerns, to say nothing of the fact that we may not be able to get Christians to agree among themselves about their own relationships to God. But what we can do is to try at least to get all to agree to the human proposition that spiritual resources are inherent in all men, that these resources, when summoned, can bring them closer to one another, and that the sacredness of life is not peculiar to any one creed.

In short, man must now be brought together in those higher ways in which he is by nature fundamentally related. He requires a new scale of values by which his differences are seen in perspective and in proportion to the things that are now common to his meaningful destiny.

Religion need not turn against itself to do that which is now necessary. A basic unity already exists. That unity resides not in doctrine but in man himself. The existence of the human conscience is a prime element of that unity. Theology cannot survive without man. Theology therefore can transcend itself in the cause of man. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FREEDOMS REGAINED

"POLITICS AND MORALITY" by Adlai Stevenson (*SR* Feb. 7) was typical of much sound thinking by liberals in recent years. It seems, however, that one assumption underlying this thinking is that we are losing our freedoms. I suggest that we have already lost a large portion of that commodity. The problem, it seems to me, is not that of holding on to our freedoms, but of regaining them.

WILSON A. HEAD.

Columbus, O.

AND A REMEDY?

GOVERNOR STEVENSON'S attack on our morality and politics is another of those disturbing warnings-sans-remedies. He is right, of course. Yet we already know where technology must take us. Whitman told us. Over the entrance is the sign "No Exploitation." Mistakenly, we believe it means "No Capitalism" and won't look.

FRANCIS Y. GOODELL.

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

THE CULTIVATED WEST

AS A NATIVE OF Montana, I was delighted to see the entire SR GOES TO THE MOVIES of Feb. 7 devoted to "The Hanging Tree" by Dorothy Johnson, of Missoula, and "These Thousand Hills" by A. B. Guthrie, of Great Falls.

I'm afraid most Americans consider Montana a frontier outpost, where bow-legged cowboys are still shooting it out with the Indians. Nothing could be further from the truth! Montanans are as literate, talented, and as cosmopolitan as their fellow countrymen.

DOROTHY LARIMER.

Albany, Calif.

WORDS FROM FLORENCE . . .

OWING TO THE FACT that my Press Cuttings Agency must have been as bored by the article "Has Anyone Seen a Trend" (*SR* Jan. 3) as I am, they neglected to send it, and I only saw it last night, although it was published in your paper on the third of the month.

As I am a humanitarian, I am glad that the writer, Mr. Winfield Townley Scott, is not dead—I mean not more dead than usual. I had thought he was. But as I am also an eccentric, I prefer to be taught my job by somebody who is in a position to do so.

Mr. Scott grumbles because I have "an obsessive consideration of the movement and colour of vowels." If he knew a little more about poetry he would know that poets are necessarily interested in technique. If they were not, they would be bad poets. He says my omission of Edwin Arlington Robinson is "either scandalous ignorance or scandalous bad taste." I cannot compare my scandalous ignorance or scandalous bad taste with Mr. Scott's. But as for bad taste, my taste is that of a poet. I am always being told, when an ignoramus expresses an opinion on the subject of poetry, that "Everyone has a right to his opinion." This being so, perhaps even an expert has a right to her opinion.

My anthology, it seems, "stands somewhere near, but not, after all, among the best in the field. See Auden-Pearson. See Untermeyer." The Auden-Pearson anthology *is* a great one, acclaimed by all poets. But Good God! Why has Mr. Scott omitted to mention "Little Annie's School-Treat Reciter"?

Finally, Mr. Roy Campbell is a great poet. I do not like his satires. But great he is. The last section of "The Flowering Rifle" is magnificent.

EDITH SITWELL.

Florence, Italy

P.S. By the way, who *is* Mr. Winfield Townley Scott?

"Say—how many Alpha-particles do you suppose could dance on the head of a pin?"

. . . AND A REPLY

BEFORE HER INQUIRY goes ringing down the decades, let me identify myself as a faithful and occasionally admiring reader of Dame Edith Sitwell. Indeed, I once had the privilege of meeting Dame Edith when we were both alive in Boston. I asked her—of course, I do not expect her to remember—if Vachel Lindsay's "Congo" had influenced her own "Gold Coast Customs" poems, and she several times said, "No. I see what you mean, but no."

She was, as I recall her then, very gracious. And I regret our relationship, however remote, seems destined to continue on Dame Edith's insistence, however mistaken, that she sees what I mean, "but no."

W. T. SCOTT.

Santa Fe, N.M.

IMPRESSED BY CHALLENGE

AS A REGULAR AND enthusiastic reader of *SR*, I extend my special congratulations for the "Challenges to the American Economy," (*SR* Jan. 17). I was particularly impressed by the challenge to Education, Government, and The Citizen, by Marion Folsom. In providing these articles you have enabled many of your readers to become better informed on the numerous phases of the nation's economy.

ROGER JONES BEAR.

Cincinnati, O.

THOUGHTFUL COMMENTARY

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE *SR* on the excellent piece by Robert Shayon (Feb. 7) on the Murrow broadcast. It seemed to me a thoughtful and intelligent commentary, which does credit to a publication of the character of *SR*. I think the Murrow broadcast was just about the tawdriest, cheapest, and phoniest piece of journalism I have ever encountered.

HAROLD BRAYMAN.

Wilmington, Del.

ON KINSEY AND ELLIS

AN ACCOLADE TO Dale Warren for his fine tribute to Havelock Ellis (*SR* Feb. 7) as forerunner of Dr. Kinsey. Ellis's life work may have been "to a considerable extent responsible for today's acceptance of the Kinsey findings," as Mr. Warren states. But it is pertinent to observe how shallow that acceptance is, how deep the prejudice.

DALE MORGAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Stranglehold of the Stars

TO ONE who functions modestly on the sidelines of the movie industry, there is an apparent paradox between the repeated rumblings that the business is dying and the inflationary budgets attached to each new production. A $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 picture is now no more extraordinary than a $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 movie a decade ago. In production at this moment is M-G-M's "Ben Hur," with a budget expected to exceed $15,000,000, handily beating out the previous high of $13,000,000 spent by the late Cecil B. De Mille on his "Ten Commandments." Where will it end knows God, but recently Samuel Goldwyn (who has never been noted for purse-pinching in his search for perfection) blew a warning whistle in Hollywood. "Unless a radical change takes place so that pictures can be made on a sane and realistic basis," he said, "a great many people in this business will find themselves on the outside looking in."

The "radical change" that Mr. Goldwyn has in mind is a sharp reduction in production costs, particularly as reflected in star salaries and the stars' participation in profits. "How long do you think this will continue," he asked at a meeting of the Screen Producers Guild, "when actors demand and get a half-million, three-quarters of a million dollars a picture—and a huge share of the gross or of the profits in addition?" It has become axiomatic today that a film must earn back about two and a half times its cost before it can begin to show a profit; and while a handful of pictures is piling up fantastic returns, many are falling far below the break-even point. Indeed, most of the companies are staying in business not on the profits from their pictures but from the charges they make against the films for distribution costs. It is a situation not unlike the old story of the shopkeeper who lost ten cents on every item he sold, but made it up in volume.

What brought about this strange, unhealthy condition? What created this stranglehold of the stars? There is no simple, easy explanation. It is compounded of high personal income taxes that make it more profitable for an actor to incorporate than to work under salary for a studio; the rise of independent production and its special forms of financing; and the spiraling of film costs since the end of World War II. From all of these, the stars have benefited. They have become a form of insurance, one reasonably predictable item in a medium crammed with costly variables. If a picture is going to cost $2,000,000, the reasoning is, it might be just as well to make it $2,500,000 and cast star X in the leading role; his presence generally assures an extra $1,000,000 at the box office. Indeed, the banks or distributors will insist on such star commitments before putting up a penny of the production money. But the number of such profitable personalities is limited. The studios have cut back their lists of contract players, and the independents can not afford the long, costly process of star-building. Top stars, therefore, are in the driver's seat. As Mr. Goldwyn pointed out, they can demand not only fantastic salaries but participation in the profits as well. William Holden's 10 per cent of the gross on "The Bridge on the River Kwai," for example, will ultimately give him over $2,000,000!

Recently, on location in Key West, Fla., for the shooting of a new Universal-International picture, "Operation Petticoat," I had an opportunity to discuss this revolution in filmland with two of its prime beneficiaries, Cary Grant and Tony Curtis. Both are in that charmed circle of stars for whom there is a steady demand and six-figure salaries. Both have their own independent set-ups, although Curtis is still tied to Universal by contract for another picture or two and is appearing in "Petticoat" for about $55,000 (as opposed to the $150,000 plus percentage that he received on "The Defiant Ones"). Actually, "Operation Petticoat" is indicative of just how far the pendulum has swung. Although competely financed by Universal, and using Universal's talent, equipment, and studio facilities, it is in fact a Granart production (Cary Grant's own company) for Universal release. And for the privilege of releasing this comedy about a hard-luck submarine in World War II, Universal will receive, under the terms of one of the most complicated contracts in the history of motion pictures, just 10 per cent of the gross—or exactly the reverse of William Holden's deal with Columbia on "Kwai." The tail has begun to wag the mastodon.

Grant has no apologies for this situation. "The studios let go of their star players because they felt it would save them money, then failed to develop new ones," he pointed out. "Besides," he added with a flash of his famous grin, "if they didn't know they could make out all right with this kind of an arrangement, they would never go for it. Nobody held a gun on them." Grant understands Goldwyn's point of view, but feels little sympathy with it. "Sam is an exception," he said. "Sam is one of the very few creative producers. He adds something to his pictures; they are *his* pictures. Most producers merely take—from the work of the actors, the writers, and the director. I think that today talent is coming into its own, not only in terms of money but in the opportunity to be creative. And the rewards are beginning to go where they rightfully belong, to the creative people."

TONY CURTIS, although still under contract to Universal, is equally forthright in blaming the studios for the dilemma in which they find themselves today. "Sure, Universal made me a star," he says. "But they didn't give me a chance to develop. As far as they were concerned, I could still be playing those long-haired, fresh-kid parts. Then when I became a star, they made things *too* easy for me. If a word was difficult to pronounce, or a scene hard to play, they would change it. There was no challenge, nothing I could really sink my teeth into. Not until I began doing things off the lot, independently, did I begin to grow as an actor. Nor was there much economic security. No matter how high my salary went, the Government got 90 per cent of it. But once I started to work on independent deals, I got a piece of the picture in addition to the money. Right now I have eight pictures working for me. It's like an annuity, and it makes it possible for me to pick and choose those roles I think will help me grow. I love to act, and I try to keep my price flexible so as not to scare off good parts."

Clearly, the studios have gotten themselves into a box with precious few holes in it. They can and should be developing new stars, as both Grant and Curtis agree; but to build a star of the first magnitude generally takes from five to ten years. On the other hand—and this was Mr. Goldwyn's main point—the tremendous amounts of capital required to finance a picture will not be forthcoming if talent, rather than finance capital, drains off the profits. Both are necessary to make a picture, but a formula satisfactory to both sides has yet to be devised. In the meantime, the stars are riding tall in the saddle—and veterans of the industry, with Mr. Goldwyn, are gravely shaking their heads.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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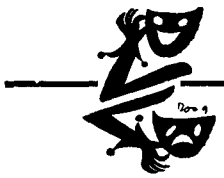


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

All Work

"Redhead" has two distinctions. It is the first musical comedy ever set in a wax museum in which the figures do not come to life and dance. And Gwen Verdon. Miss Verdon, who in "Damn Yankees" changed from the ugliest woman in Providence, Rhode Island, into a luscious temptress, now appears as a mousy, sex-starved old maid who is retooled into a lovely redhead. The murder-romance, which four writers have provided, merely serves to connect the various improbable dances that are this musical's only real excuse for existing. Indeed, it is not until twenty minutes after the curtain has gone up that "Redhead" shows its first sign of class. Then director-choreographer Bob Fosse stages "The Uncle Sam Rag," a number ridiculing the dignity with which a turn-of-the-century British musical might have presented an uncultured Yankee-Doodle-Ditty.

From this point on we merely await the show's next dance number as Miss Verdon good-heartedly works herself to the collapsing point for us again and again and again. There is her imitation of a Chaplinesque music hall turn, which she executes in baggy pants; three lively versions of the same number that illustrate her dreams of being a musical-comedy star; a comedy first-act finale in which she does everything wrong to ruin a pretentiously overdecorated spectacle (amusingly costumed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian); a bouncingly furious tavern dance; and a comic tango. Add to this Miss Verdon's having to grind out a half-dozen songs and act her way stylishly and vigorously through scenes in which she is either chasing Richard Kiley, or is being pursued by a mysterious strangler and you begin to get an idea of what must be the biggest sustained expenditure of controlled individual energy since Frank Merriwell won both the track meet and the baseball game for Yale on the same afternoon.

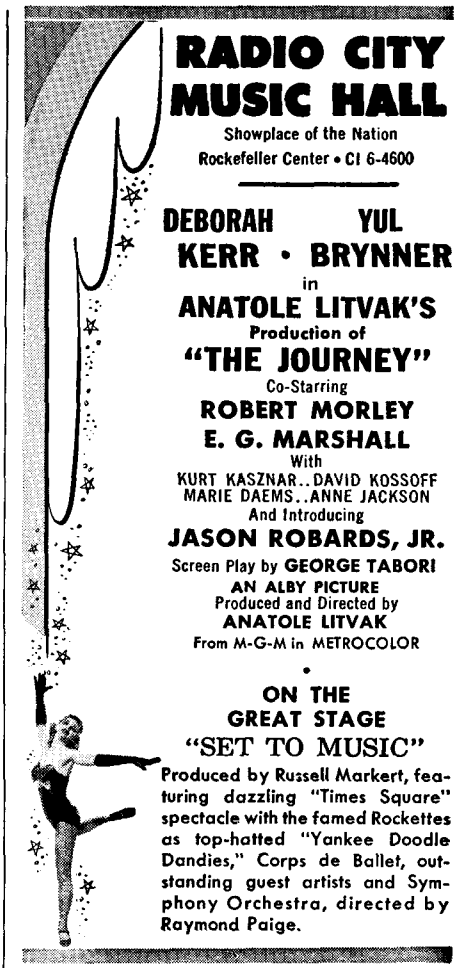
Unfortunately, neither the score by Albert Hague and Dorothy Fields nor the book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, Sidney Sheldon, and David Shaw are in the same league with Miss Verdon's or Mr. Fosse's talents. And Miss Verdon, for all her skill, her beauty, and willingness to work, does not possess the kind of star authority that allows her to be as effective with poor material as she is with good. One admires her concentrated application of skill and energy, and one suspects that she could learn and do well anything she was asked to do. She keeps "Redhead" from being a dismal evening, but she cannot lift it above being a well-executed mediocre musical.

ONE of the functions of off-Broadway is to provide second chances for shows that either failed on Broadway, or, in succeeding, became different plays from the ones the authors had in mind. Arthur Laurents's "Time of the Cuckoo"—with Kathleen Maguire giving a marvelous performance in the leading role—was a case of the latter, and while the off-Broadway production was not appreciably more entertaining than its Broadway predecessor, it managed to deliver Mr. Laurants's message more clearly.

Now in the new production of Mr. Laurents's **"A Clearing in the Woods"** which was a Broadway failure, we have a similar result. Under Jack Ragotzy's bold direction the play seems no better than it did before, but the author's intentions are clearer. Contributing to this clarity is the fact that for many of us this is a second viewing of an unconventional play. In it the playwright makes separate characters out of the same girl at different stages of her life so that she may physically confront her past. If "J.B." is everyman coming to terms with his true condition in relation to God, "A Clearing in the Woods" is everywoman coming to terms with her true condition in relation to herself.

As the divorcee who is afflicted with the fairy-tale notion that her husband is going to be a great rather than simply a good doctor, Nancy Wickwire plays her desperate dilemma with impassioned vehemence. When she irritatedly snatches a golf club out of her ineffectual father's hand and refuses to give it back to him until he really converses with her she brings the artificial play to life. But she is fighting a losing battle. For Mr. Laurents has given her a history instead of a character. In making her everywoman he has made her no woman. And the revelations about her past lack the detective story suspense one finds in a good psychoanalytical play. Too bad, for this is a commendable production of an ambitious play.

—HENRY HEWES.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SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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TV AND RADIO

No One Expects to Be a Cowboy, Really

THE "NAEB Seminar on Children's Television Programs," just out, is a thirty-seven page booklet aimed primarily at professional broadcasters. Sixteen pages are devoted to a talk by Dr. John Spiegel, clinical professor of psychology, Harvard Medical School, at the meeting sponsored jointly by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters and Boston University. Dr. Spiegel's remarks are of such general interest that I recommend them to all "middle-class" parents whose children watch TV. Actually, the professor asserts, 75 per cent of the people in this country are lower class, but they tend to identify themselves as middle class, although they live according to different standards.

If yours is a middle-class family—then you, your spouse, and your children (according to a scheme of "cultural value orientations" elaborated by Harvard anthropologist Florence Kluckhon, an associate of Dr. Spiegel) are all dominantly concerned with the future rather than with the present or past; with "doing" rather than with "being or becoming"; with individual decision rather than with group or lineal authority. You tend to believe that you are "master of nature" rather than "subject to nature"; and you hold that man is neither basically evil nor good but that he can become one or the other depending on his experiences.

This last belief that parents can influence children's goodness or badness is what gives you a sense of responsibility and anxiety about your own children and makes you so concerned with what they see on television. The time, activity, relatedness, man-and-nature, and nature-of-man patterns tend to produce strains and conflicts in the middle-class family, according to the Kluckhon-Spiegel theory. The man has "dependency needs" but his first order values demand that he rely upon himself. The woman is individualist and future-oriented until she gets her man; and then she has to switch to a present-time, emotional, collateral role. She devaluates herself as "just a housewife"; yet she has to be prepared, in an emergency, to switch back to the activist role. She resents her husband's activities, and can't meet her husband's dependency needs. The children in the family, says Dr. Spiegel, are aware of these interpersonal tensions. They also have their own problems. Middle-class parents tend to force a child to be independent and competitive, whereas, actually, in "small nuclear families" without a network of relatives or parent substitutes around him, the child feels very dependent. In adolescence he tends to find emotional support in his gang or peer group, and he uses it to "fight his parents."

For the child, fairytales on TV fail to fit the dominant value pattern. They are "past oriented" and there is too much stress in them on loveliness and beauty—aesthetics vs. action. The shoot-em-up Western, on the other hand, is not really in the past at all: there never was such a TV west. It's not "future"—no one expects to be a cowboy, really. It's very much a "present-time, time-out" activity for the child. He finds relief in it from the pressures on him in a place that doesn't exist. The clear-cut good guys and the bad guys also help him in choosing what kind of an individualist he is going to be when he grows up.

In dealing with crime shows, Dr. Spiegel skips the controversial question about how much aggression they stimulate in children. He does propose (without risking any value judgment) that they give relief to the child by identification with aggressors on the programs; and that crime programs serve to suggest a cultural "pattern for misconduct." "That is," every culture says, "You shouldn't do it, but *if* you do it, this is the *way* to do it." As for the domestic-family comedies on TV, they provide all-around relief to the viewers because they deal with husband-wife relationships, with their anger and dependence, their irritation at children asserting themselves after their parents have encouraged them to do so, etc. The viewing family says: "We're not the only ones," laughs, and is a little less crushed by its own real problems.

ANY errors in this quick transmission of Dr. Spiegel's provocative ideas are my fault. His very tentative generalizations are based on a small sample study he is conducting in the Boston area. He didn't tell the broadcasters at the NAEB seminar how to program for children on TV. He was rather negative about the typical American (middle-class) attitude that all problems can be "engineered" to a solution. The scientist, artist and the teacher, he did suggest, are unrealistically portrayed on TV—the scientist, for example, being too much represented as a future-oriented, single-minded doer in a white coat, hard-driving, unhappy, withdrawn.

Inadvertently, Dr. Spiegel has produced a beautiful rationalization for commercial TV entertainment. The programs provide psychological escape from middle-class tensions; at the same time, the commercials reflect middle-class values, thus re-inforcing the tensions. It's a built-in system of subliminal automation. The only thing to do is to stop facing TV and face up to your real problems—if you're middle class, that is.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

WHEN IN NEW YORK see
"A HIT" —N. Y. POST —N. Y. NEWS —N. Y. JRL. AMER. —N. Y. MIRROR —LIFE MAG. —NEWSWEEK —WALTER WINCHELL —AP, UPI
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These Sons of Loveless Women

By M. B. Thornton

IF I have said it once, I
say it as always: again,
Sex
without consummation
of the spirit
is light without radiance.
"No light without radiance,"
you say. "Better keep away
from physics."
"What's the use of
it," I say, "if it can't be
human?"
"It is," you say. And
on the same day there's a
letter ending, "I hate sex
in any form—but love. X."
I tell you and you say, "Well,
he sounds troubled."
Aum, I say, you and
these sons of loveless women.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Hindemith Returns, Bearing Gifts—Gould, Tourel

PAUL HINDEMITH wore all the medals of his musical mastery when he returned to Town Hall for the first time in five years in mid-February. They were not visible in rows upon his chest, but they were evident in every measure of the two new works he brought with him for first performances in America.

To identify them as an octette for five strings and three wind instruments, and six madrigals for a capella chorus is to say the least of relevant things about them. Together they comprised a searching tour of the storehouse of musical riches which is Hindemith's mind, and they revealed an abundance of idea, experience, and eloquence.

Moreover, the two works are quite differently made and thus testify not only to the range of expression he commands in this sixty-fourth year of his life, but his wisdom in juxtaposing them for public performance. The octette—utilizing two violas, violin, cello and bass, plus, clarinet, horn and bassoon—makes a long exploration of sonorities and subject matter in five sections which embrace an opening fast movement in what seemed to be sonata form pattern, a scherzo-variations, an arioso slow movement, another scherzo of more normal pattern, and a fugal finale which incorporates waltz, polka and galop into its design at it runs rather than merely walks to the conclusion.

Taken together, it shows Hindemith's capacity to "hear new" as well as "think new," in such blendings as string harmonics over solo horn, rapid figurations of the clarinet in contrast to string bass, etc. By some contemporary standards an uncomplicated score, and by any, a superlatively well written one, it would scarcely seem to require a conductor: Hindemith's main function was to expedite traffic and control dynamics.

I was especially taken by the "varianten," a kind of light hearted scherzo in a highly intellectual way, and by the "langsam" arioso, with patterns of opposition somewhat akin to Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge." As in the resolving moments of the first movement which become quite beautifully consonant when it serves his purpose, Hindemith has the power to drop a dense cloud of conventional sonority at will, so as to make (for example) a B flat end to his slow movement. When he had romped through the intricacies of the finale and brought off his final dance episode in artful style, Hindemith had achieved something akin to a "Musikalische Spass" (in his own style, of course, rather than Mozart's). It gave equal delight to performers and auditors, to whose hearty response the composer responded with a broad smile attesting his own pleasure.

The madrigals were quite another affair, light and transparent in texture, far more sparing in notational content (one had the feeling that Stravinsky might make three programs of the notes in the octette), of a decidedly spiritual and philosophic content. The texts by Josef Weinheber are absorbing as expression and highly suitable for musicalization, ranging from the Mahlerish "Drown they fears in raven wine" and the ironic "Trink aus, Kamerad" to the epigrammatic lament of "A fool's life, the Artist's." Then there are the careeningly Rabelaisian (in a delicate way) "Magic Recipe" and the crinkly textured "To a butterfly" prior to the final, deeply affirmative "O doubt about the world's intent," which makes a superbly satisfying conclusion to the sequence.

To dwell in further detail on the turns of thought, devices and mechanics of these works is a temptation to be resisted: but it is impossible to desist from stating a frank admiration for the humanity and poetry of Hindemith's creative impulse, or to throttle the sense of gratitude that comes from listening to music of our time which is made with head and heart and ripe skills rooted in the warmly earthy spirit of a man with humanity and grace. Should he not come back for another five years—a prospect to be deplored—the memory of this occasion would still be bright. (The program concluded with Bruckner's Mass in E minor, Hindemith conducting.)

GLENN GOULD delivered another of his inimitable evenings of piano performance lately in Carnegie Hall, enclosing a compact nucleus of Bach (E minor partita), Schoenberg (piano pieces, opus 19) and Beethoven (opus 110) in a crusty outer shell of Byrd and Berg (sonata opus 1). This, for Gould, is a kind of musical upside-down cake, for it progressed almost chronologically rather than in the expectable inversion.

Gould's attention to excerpts from Byrd's "My Ladye Nevells Booke" may have been motivated by many things, but it seemed related largely to the free association of tones in this style of writing, compared to what became conventional a century or two later than his epoch (1543-1623). It does have an open, unfettered sound, but one not nearly as well served by the piano as by some closer kin to the plucked strings in the virginal-clavecin of Byrd's time. Lines became blurred, sonorous relations dissipated in the breadth of sound (however closely controlled) inherent in the grand piano of today. In fact its utilization suggests that Gould is an unlikely adherent to the cult that regards change as progress. In his Bach, a wrong note now and then added a piquant touch to the mixture, but Gould's mistakes are more interesting than the musical automation practised by many of his contemporaries. The sugar coating of eccentricity with which he lures his audience should dull no one to the iron strength of the dosage dispensed.

WALTER PISTON, who used to grade Leonard Bernstein as a student at Harvard, could have marked him "summa cum laude" for a performance of his "Concerto for Orchestra" at a Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall. His bows expressed more than the average satisfaction of a composer hearing a work passably presented, for Bernstein had shined it to a red-apple glow before producing it for "teacher." It made a diverting first in a series of three rewarding experiences that included a production, with effortless neatness, of Ravel's "Scheherazade" with Jennie Tourel. Of Tourel's artistry there has never been any doubt: when she commands the centered sound and finality of accent which identifies her so completely with this music, she is capable of singing satisfaction accessible only to the elite.

Were I a singer making a New York operatic debut of anything, I should not like to confront the fluttery, uncertain beat of Thomas Schippers in the Metropolitan's pit. Rather than criticism, commiseration may be extended to Aase Nordmo-Løvberg, whose introductory Elsa in "Lohengrin" confronted hazards not of her own making or solution. The voice has not developed as one hoped when it was first heard in Stockholm in 1956, but Løvberg is a serious artist who deserves better than she was accorded. Karl Liebl's pleasant sound as Lohengrin struck me as small for this theatre, and his limited inches added little to illusion. I doubt, however, that Jean de Reszke himself could have made much headway against Schip-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Spring Travel Issue

16 mm Films

"THE HUNTERS" (60 min., color). This feature-length document of the life of South African bushmen is very likely the most important anthropology film to be given American release in a decade or more. Filmed and written by John Marshall, it brings us into close contact with a remote people whose way of life is indeed primitive. The second half of the film takes up in detail a long and arduous hunt for game. The film is successful because Mr. Marshall, unlike many others who explore with camera in hand, has actually acquired the skills upon which film communication wholly depends. This is not merely a film—i.e, celluloid with pictures and sound on it—it is an experience. "The Hunters" won the 1958 Flaherty Award of CCNY. Produced through Peabody Museum of Harvard University; distributed by Contemporary Films, 267 W. 25th St., New York 1, N.Y.

"CHAUCER'S ENGLAND" (30 min., color). This recreation of life in Chaucer's time introduces his Canterbury pilgrims en route and as they stop at an inn for rest, food, and tale-telling. The Pardoner's Tale is dramatized in full, somewhat crudely, but with vigor, pace, and generally good performances. Special music of the period was composed for the film by Edward Lockspeiser. Chalk up one more achievement for producer John Barnes who is doing all that can be expected of one man to enliven classroom films. Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1150 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

"PEOPLE OF VENICE" (16 min., color). Fifth in the series, Peoples of Other Lands, this one is as interesting, lively and skilfully made as its predecessors, which also were written and filmed by Gunther V. Fritseh. Here we meet a man who repairs the big diesel boats (which are the streetcars of Venice); he and his young son act as spokesmen for an informal yet thoughtful visit to the city's magnificent sights and to their family's day-by-day life. Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler, 801 N. Seward St., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

"TREASURES OF THE EARTH" (11 min., color). Correlated with the Heath Elementary Science text books, this is another of Churchill-Wexler's seemingly limitless examples to show that classroom films can be informative, original, and enjoyable. The development of many kinds of mineral deposits is shown in the films opening animation sequences; it then considers how they are mined and used. A surprising rhymed sequence covers some obvious and easy information in the pleasantest way imaginable. Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler, 801 N. Seward St., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

"OUTDOOR EDUCATION" (30 min., color). The general impression this film gives is that the out-of-doors is quite a wonderful place, and we cheat ourselves if we don't get out and enjoy it more often. Intended for the teachers of Cook County, Illinois, the film shows the county's program for helping interested teachers learn the nature lore which they may later pass on to their own students. Despite a loose construction, the film has an easy-going air which helps extend its usefulness beyond the borders of its own county to any area where help is (or should be) available to teachers and students in bringing them closer to the world of nature. Produced by Tressel Studio: available for loan from the Conservation Dept., Forest Preserve District of Cook County, 536 N. Harlem Ave., River Forest, Ill.

"THE WINDOW" (17 min., color). One class and one teacher show how nature study can be a living part of their classroom and recreational activities, with the help of materials provided by the National Audubon Society. There are some delightful sequences in the film; a boy whistling as he builds a pie-pan bird-feeder, a baseball game that gets disrupted when one boy sights a raccoon up a tree, and a trip to a nearby pond which provides study material for every one in the class. (I should like to add parenthetically that I played a small role in the film's planning and scripting stages, and am more than pleased with the finished film which far exceeded my hopes and expectations.) Produced and directed by Herman J. Engel; distributed by the Audubon Junior Clubs, National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N.Y.

NOTE: A four-day American Film Festival is scheduled for April 1-4 at New York's Statler Hotel. Several hundred films will be screened and Blue Ribbon awards will be made.

—CECILE STARR.

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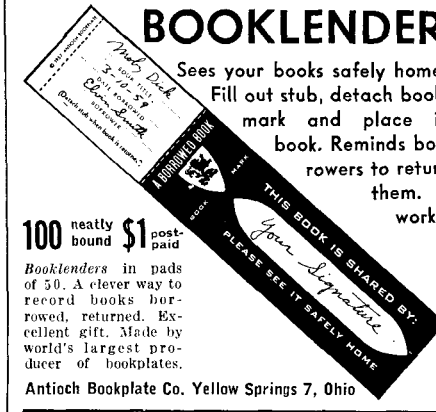

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USSR

Intelligence on All the Russias

Although President Eisenhower turned down Premier Khrushchev's invitation to Moscow, the Kremlin's recent overtures to U.S. businessmen will undoubtedly lure a large number of Americans this year to the Soviet Union. For them, as well as the vicarious inspector, four new reports on the red star states will be enlightening. They are ***"The Privilege Was Mine: A Russian Princess Returns to the Soviet Union," by Zinaida Schakovskoy****; translated by Peter Wiles (Putnam. 318 pp. $4),* ***"My Russian Journey," by Santha Rama Rau*** *(Harper. 300 pp. $4.50),* ***"A Room in Moscow," by Sally Belfrage*** *(Reynal. 186 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Main Street, USSR," by Irving R. Levine*** *(Doubleday. 408 pp. $4.50). Henry C. Wolfe, who has known Russia for thirty-seven years, wrote "The Imperial Soviets."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

BOOKS about the Soviet Union seem to come in cycles. In the early years of the Communist regime there was an outpouring of volumes on the Leninist government. The Thirties saw a deluge of works describing Russia under the five-year plans. Hitler's attack on the USSR released another literary flow—mainly pro-Soviet apologias. Now there is a fresh new tide of books, many of them personal chronicles, which discuss Soviet travel conditions, economics, ideology, the theatre, the Kremlin's foreign policy, and, above all, the peoples of all the Russias.

In "The Privilege Was Mine," Princess Zinaida Schakovskoy has written a perceptive, dramatic—and often touching—account of her ten months' visit to the USSR at the time of the "thaw." Returning as the wife of a West European diplomat, she saw her native land for the first time since she fled into exile as a child. At home in the language and steeped in the culture and history of Russia, she is in a unique position to interpret her homeland. Too, she is a seasoned writer. Her report, accordingly, is of value to both layman and specialist. What stands out is the fear, the spying, and the pressures that are hidden from the Western tourist. Although the pressures have been somewhat relaxed since Stalin's death, the Soviet Union, as the author brings out clearly, is still a dictatorship *over* the proletariat—and a cruel one. One of the most dramatic passages of the book recounts the author's verbal duel with Serov, then chief of the Soviet secret police.

It will be a matter of keen interest to the specialist that Princess Schakovskoy is intensely anti-Communist yet staunchly pro-Russian. This ambivalence is sharply evident in her attitude toward the Hungarian revolution of 1956. She bitterly resents Western attacks on the Russian intervention and asks plaintively: "What else could the Soviet leaders do?"

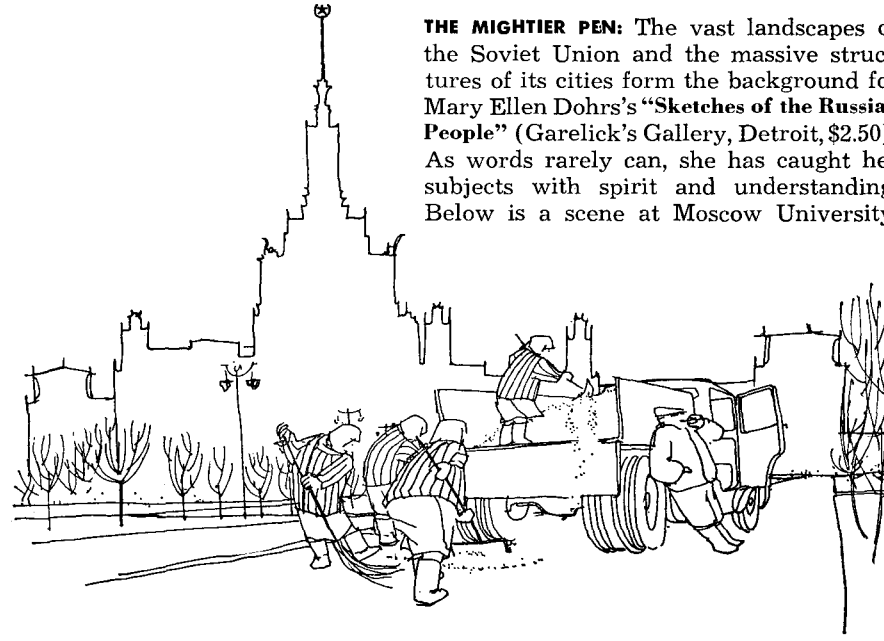
Quite a different type of chronicle is Santha Rama Rau's "My Russian Journey." Unlike the preceding volume, which gets down deep beneath the surface, this is a pleasant account of a pleasant tour. The Indian writer and her American husband, an intelligent, cultured couple, concerned themselves primarily with people, because "people are more interesting than places." Their little party attracted considerable attention wherever they went:

> . . . we would have looked pretty odd anywhere: one child of four, dressed as a cowboy, one very beautiful Negro girl [their son's nursemaid], one Indian, one American.

Their itinerary included Leningrad, Moscow, and Central Asia, with some side trips, notably to Zagorsk, the Russian religious center. There were visits to Uzbekistan and to formerly isolated and romantic cities such as Tashkent and Samarkand. They found most of the Russian people friendly and all of them, apparently, curious.

Miss Rau (Mrs. Faubion Bowers) writes delightfully and has an observing eye and a sense of humor. Her husband, who has a serviceable command of Russian, was professionally interested in the Russian theatre and ballet. As a result, there are illuminating discussions of both. We are shown, too, museums such as the Hermitage in Leningrad and the Tretyakov galleries in Moscow. The couple had a rather strained meeting with the ballerina Ulanova and a relaxed visit in the elegant apartment of Anna Kalma, a popular Soviet writer. All the way the Bowerses had a wonderful time, whether trying out a new restaurant, watching a play, browsing through museums, or just talking to chance acquaintances. But regarding the people in the USSR one Muscovite complained, "The curse of Russia is boredom."

Although this volume contains virtually nothing that would throw light on Soviet foreign policy, it is full of local color, amusing incidents, friendly strangers, unfriendly strangers, spivs, gilded youth, drunks, vignettes of life in Moscow. To one reader, at least, the most interesting



THE MIGHTIER PEN: The vast landscapes of the Soviet Union and the massive structures of its cities form the background for Mary Ellen Dohrs's **"Sketches of the Russian People"** (Garelick's Gallery, Detroit, $2.50). As words rarely can, she has caught her subjects with spirit and understanding. Below is a scene at Moscow University.

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Pick of the Paperbacks

THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL. *By Leon Edel. Evergreen.* $1.45. This perceptive study of the "stream-of-consciousness" in twentieth-century fiction reviews the works of Virginia Woolf, Proust, Joyce, and other writers who sought after the "inward turning."

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS. *By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Vintage.* 95¢. In Camus's long title essay he pursues the idea of suicide and, after philosophical reflection, concludes that it is not a "legitimate" action. Among the more noteworthy shorter pieces included in the collection are those dealing with Algiers and Oran.

FALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. *By Plutarch. Translated by Rex Warner. Penguin.* 95¢. The lives of six Romans —Caius Marius, Sulla, Crassus, Pompey, Caesar, Cicero—are presented in an eminently readable form in Warner's new translation of Plutarch's classic work.

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thing of all is the fascinating children's theatre. When the travelers were taking leave of a Moscow friend, he astonished them with this farewell: "If our troops are in Washington, I will do my best—my small best—to protect you and your family."

IN "A Room in Moscow" a twenty-one-year-old American girl reports on her five months in the Soviet capital. She went there originally to take part in the Moscow Youth Festival, then "in defiance of the State Department" paid a visit to Red China. On her return to Moscow she got a job in the Foreign Language Publishing House. This, obviously, is the story of a very resourceful, self-assured young woman. Sally Belfrage appears to be quite proud of her ability to find a room for herself in a city where a room must often serve as home for a large family. She got around extensively among the Muscovites of her own generation, malcontents as well as eager beavers. One of the former complained of "the black life, special for Russians." Miss Belfrage seems not to have liked the Americans in Moscow, who had "a tough time, to a large extent self-inflicted, and probably led the most neurotic existence there ever has been or could be." The American correspondents took "no part in the life around them; they lived in apartments that could easily have been mistaken for displaced Park Avenue, where they gossiped and played bridge and bingo and drank too much . . ."

One American correspondent who did not confine himself to that "self-contained luxurious community" was Irving R. Levine, author of "Main Street, USSR." In this rollicking, anecdotal, and informative book, he sets out to answer the sort of questions asked by Americans about the Soviets. A newsman who covered the Berlin airlift and the Korean war, Mr. Levine went to Moscow in 1955 as correspondent for NBC. He got the idea for his book from a weekly radio program in which he answers queries from American listeners. The illustrations are photographs taken by the author. Each of his twenty-six chapters is devoted to an important facet of Ivan's daily round—his housing, his recreation, his food supply, his religion. It is all very enlightening, very urbane, very lucid, and often very, very funny.

Each anecdote, of course, is more revelatory than paragraphs of solemn explanation. "Do you know the difference between capitalism and Communism?" a non-Communist Muscovite will ask. "In capitalism man exploits man. In Communism it's vice versa." A Russian scientist lecturing on space travel predicts: "We will be able to travel to Mars, to Pluto, to Venus. Are there any questions?" A student raises his hand. "When," he asks, "can we travel to Vienna?" Then there is the Russian who, having visited Denmark, is queried about conditions there. Very bad, he replies. But weren't the stores full of goods? "Oh, yes," acknowledges the Russian, "but the Danish people have no money to buy. There were no *lines* in front of the stores."

Mr. Levine gives us a wealth of information about the hardships endured by the average Soviet citizen, about Russian medicine, the cinema, the theatre, life in the countryside and at the expensive resorts—and the sobering-up stations. The danger of East-West war, the author believes, "seems not so much *now* as in the *future*." It could come "by accident, by a miscalculation, by a brush-fire war, such as Korea or Suez, spreading." He is hopeful, however, that "Russia may choose the path of peace."

Not all of Mr. Levine's crisp anecdotes are told at the expense of the Russians. Some Americans get what they deserve, as well. He tells the tale of the American businessmen who were eating breakfast in Moscow. They were joined by a tardy fellow tourist who sang out the banal greeting: "Is everything under control?" One of the women interpreter-guides flared up in indignation: "*Nothing* is under control here; *this* is a *free* country."

"Let us pray."

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Two-Hour Coexistence with Mr. K.

"The Communist World and Ours," by Walter Lippmann *(Little, Brown. 56 pp. $2), distills the complexities of East-West relations. The syndicated pundit's conclusions after his talk with "Mr. K" are examined by Erwin D. Canham, editor of* The Christian Science Monitor.

By Erwin D. Canham

NEVER has the Great Simplifier turned a cosmic problem into more limpid and confident prose. In this little volume of some 10,000 words, Mr. Lippmann gives us his view of what Mr. Khrushchev said to him, and what Mr. K. (as he calls the Soviet Premier) meant, and what Mr. L. thinks we should do about it.

He may very well be quite right. He thinks we are too jittery about Soviet power (although we must keep up our end of the race), and that the Soviets will not endanger their position by launching an attack. "They are certain in their own minds," he says, "that they will win the primacy of Asia and of Africa not by going to war, but by avoiding a war that would ruin their economic achievements."

So, advises Mr. L., we should compete with them in Asia and Africa by helping to make India's democratic experiment work. The only convincing answer to Communism in Asia, he says, "must be a demonstration by the non-Communist nations that there is another and more humane way of overcoming the immemorial poverty and weakness of the Asian peoples."

He does not believe Communism will win the peoples of the West unless there are economic or political cataclysms. He thinks the Soviets know this, and would be willing to extricate themselves from Germany and elsewhere if we were also disengaged.

He is very discouraged about controlled disarmament, since Mr. K. told him that "all talk about international inspection and control of missiles was 'ridiculous.'" Therefore, presumably, we have to keep up the long-range armaments race, while disengaging in Central Europe, and mounting a mighty economic offensive especially in India.

This is simple enough. It is supported by other careful and well-informed thinkers, like George Kennan. It involves great risk only in Central Europe. Of course, some degree of disengagement may be the price of freedom for Berlin. But if Moscow is not so willing to relinquish its hopes in Europe, and if German armament is essential to the NATO defense, Mr. L.'s counsel might turn out badly.

His confidence that the Soviets will not attack the United States, even if the missile gap widens and victory without retaliation could be calculated, is reassuring on the point that is preying on the hearts and consciences of many well-informed Americans. But it is not conclusive.

It would have been interesting if so penetrating an observer as Mr. L. had told us why he thinks Mr. K. continued to demand a treaty of friendship before talking seriously of disarmament. Otherwise, the Soviet position was reasonably rational. What is the attraction of such a treaty?

And it would have been valuable to learn Mr. L.'s estimate of Mr. K. as a human being and as a statesman. One misses the personal touches in the interview which Mr. L. could have made so interesting and useful. But perhaps the paltry couple of hours Mr. K. gave to his journalistic visitor weren't enough for such an estimate.

The account, which really is a work of art, is crammed with insights. It gives the Soviet concept of the status quo as the ever-changing revolution. It summarizes in a sentence or two apiece the Soviet thesis on the military position, on Germany now and before the Second World War, on Socialist expansion, on capitalism, on NATO, on Nasser, on the American present and future.

Most eloquently, Mr. L. reminds us that we do not live in one world, but only on one globe, with the Communist powers. We do not exist in the same intellectual or political atmosphere. Mutual tolerance is the very most that can be expected. We are not moving toward a universal state or a universal religion. We must grasp the necessity of coexistence.

It seems to me a most desirable enterprise to publish little books like this one, especially when they are written by Mr. L. He can communicate into a great many minds far more ideas than they would have extracted from a weightier and more elaborate tome. Journalism and political literature are happily wedded here.

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Henry's Red-Headed Daughter

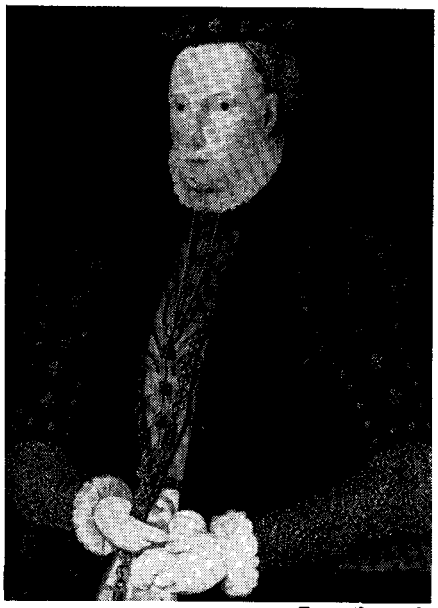
"Elizabeth the Great," by Elizabeth Jenkins *(Coward-McCann. 324 pp. $5), incarnates a magnificent woman. Martha Bacon, who has devoted much study to the sixteenth-century panorama, extols Miss Jenkins's biography of the Virgin Queen.*

By Martha Bacon

MANY writers have attempted to capture and enclose the indestructible and paradoxical essence of Queen Elizabeth I between the covers of a book. Few have succeeded in performing this difficult task as happily as Elizabeth Jenkins. This writer has tested her strength with biographies of Jane Austen and Lady Caroline Lamb and has now risen handsomely to the height of a great argument.

It is not possible within the scope of a short review to do Miss Jenkins's fascinating study full justice. Her analysis of Elizabeth is penetrating, detailed, and sympathetic. By a careful merging of data, which seems in itself slight, with the major thematic material of Elizabeth's reign, the author has produced a portrait of her subject from infancy to death that is a tribute to the queen's humanity as well as to her grandeur. We see her from the day that her mother, Ann Boleyn, lifted her up—a sharp-eyed, red-headed child of two—to her terrible father in a last appeal for mercy, through the debatable years of Edward's reign, the Marian ordeal, until the end of the forty-five years' era that bears her name. Not for one instant does Elizabeth cease to be interesting.

Precocious, superbly educated by the most accomplished scholars of her time, Elizabeth at twenty-five brought to the nearly bankrupt throne of England the qualities that saved the nation. These were a leaping intelligence that equaled if it did not transcend the brilliance of even her wisest associates, an instinct for diplomacy and finance that amounted to genius, and an unshakable devotion to the state. The English people were her love. In spite of several flirtations with prospective husbands, both foreign and domestic, she contracted no other liaison.



—*From the book.*

Elizabeth at thirty—". . . one of the many glories of her glorious epoch."

Miss Jenkins suggests that Elizabeth lived and died an undoubted virgin and that the terrible events of her girlhood, her father's murder of her mother and of her stepmother, Catherine Howard, combined with the near-rape committed on her by the Lord Admiral, Thomas Seymour, fixed her irrevocably in this pattern. Many men desired her, and she fostered their desire, but no man ever enjoyed her.

HYSTERICAL, devious, cowardly, Elizabeth was also capable of extreme sublimation, forthrightness, and courage. When her fury was called forth she could act as ruthlessly as her father, yet for her age she was humane. She had a real capacity for gratitude and, though arbitrary, she was not, like Henry VIII or her successor, James I, treacherous. Above all things she loathed poverty and war. With feline patience she bided her time, then won the only war she was ever forced to wage, and she made England rich. She was the apostle of that stern virtue, thrift: one of the great moments of her career was the day that she paid off,

---

ELIZABETH JENKINS describes herself as "bookish," but, more precisely, she is an enthusiast about books. Equally at ease in history and literature, she received her early education from her father, a headmaster at a boys' school. More than facts and dates, he taught her to find excitement in history. As a girl at progressive St. Christopher's school, and, later, at Cambridge, she could most often be found in the library. "I was gauche, prim, covered with ink, and wrapped up in work," Miss Jenkins recalls. She became a schoolteacher until the war, when she put her energies to work for the blitz victims. Once the war was over, she retired to her small, book-filled house, on one of London's quietest streets, and has since devoted herself to research and writing. Her studies of Jane Austen, Henry Fielding, and Lady Caroline Lamb are infused with the inevitable enthusiasm she feels for her subjects. While doing research for her multiple biography, "Ten Fascinating Women," Miss Jenkins was herself fascinated by Elizabeth I.

"I became passionately interested in her character," she reports. "I read everything available until I seemed to develop a sort of clairvoyance that led me to make certain discoveries that other people had missed. Little-known aspects of her personality kept coming out, like stars, along the way." For almost three years Miss Jenkins was absorbed in the enigma of Elizabeth. "I never worked so hard or became so excited about anything else," she says. Gradually she found that her own conception of the queen was changing. "I had not recognized how dependent she was on the care and protection of the men around her; how highly strung and nervous she was in spite of her intellect and her independence. I found her exceedingly fastidious, hating bad smells, and though she loved scent, she could not bear it if it was too strong. Elizabeth was somehow much more strange and magical than I had thought."

Now that "Elizabeth the Great" is finished, Miss Jenkins is by no means ready to rest. "I think if you have an imagination it lies with you to protect it in this age of jet airplanes, pneumatic drills, mass production, and violent, sadistic entertainment. There is rather too much to do, almost always," says Miss Jenkins contentedly, "but I have settled for that." —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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after years, Henry the VIII's debt to the merchants of London. Thrift as much as wit and personal magnetism made her adored by a comfortable, solvent, well-fed people.

Incapable of religious fanaticism, Elizabeth's personal religious policy made her the despair of the extremists in both the Protestant and the Catholic camps. At the beginning of her reign she said that she would open no window on any man's conscience, and though subsequent events forced her —especially in the last decade of her life—to persecutions, essentially political by implication, they sickened her.

BELIEVING, as she stated, that there was but one God, and one Christ Jesus and all the rest was mere dispute over trifles, she had been willing at the outset to require conformity to the laws of the realm and little else. When Catholicism combined with sedition, however, it was punished with revolting savagery until Elizabeth herself rounded on the Protestant faction, bidding them to make converts by good example, "For I will persecute no more as I have done."

In this splendid spectacle one figure stands equal to the queen: William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. If she, in her grande passion with England mothered the modern British state, Cecil midwifed it. When she appointed him as her secretary of state she chose the man who had the skill to mold her into the monarch that she became. For Elizabeth was in a very real sense the creation of her council. Formidable as she could be, she knew when to act according to the will of her ministers, and she knew how to pick men who could use her vast ability in a manner that she could scarcely have done herself without their aid.

For all her parsimony, deviations, and petty vanities, she was in her own person one of the many glories of her glorious epoch. By procrastinating and malingering she held France and Spain at the mercy of her indecision until she was ready to defeat the invader. By penny-pinching she built the tigerish navy that saved the realm and brought it the wealth of the Indies. Her historians compared her reign favorably with that of Augustus, and history has seen no reason to contradict them. Elizabeth Jenkins is to be unequivocally commended for giving us a speaking likeness of a magnificent woman who was one of the greatest queens ever to grace a throne.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read:
17, 16, 6, 20, 2, 18, 7, 14, 19, 10, 3, 12, 11, 4, 15, 9, 5, 13, 8, 1.

The Seeing Eye of World War II

***"The Pulse of Radar: The Autobiography of Sir Robert Watson-Watt** (Dial. 438 pp. $5), traces the history of radio-detection and, simultaneously, of one of the men who achieved it. Thomas S. Hall, a scientist, considers the book for us.*

By Thomas S. Hall

NOT long ago a scientific research team announced that it had managed to bounce a radio signal off the surface of the moon and catch it on the rebound.

This event was just one chapter in a story that started much earlier when, in 1936, a talented young Scottish physicist sent an historic memorandum to the British Air Ministry. The physicist, twenty-eight-year-old Robert Watson-Watt, had been called to the ministry to give a professional opinion on a disagreeable subject: what, in his estimate, were the possibilities of developing a death-ray, *i.e.*, a concentrated radio-emanation that, at a considerable distance, could "boil a man's blood"? Watson-Watt went away, made some calculations, and sent his fateful reply: the possibilities of radio-*destruction* seemed very limited but the possibilities of radio-*detection* were real and important. Specifically, he envisioned a device that would be able to "see" a relatively small moving object at a distance of many miles and enable one to tell what that object was, where it was, and in what direction and how fast it was moving.

As a very small boy this reviewer would often lie awake at night peering into the darkness and peopling it with menacing forms that kept him from falling asleep. Later he invented and equipped himself with an effective, if imaginary, counterdevice: eyes that could see in the dark. Thus fitted, he became a match for his adversaries and easily dropped off to sleep. But the eyes which Watson-Watt imagined were more remarkable.

If they could really be developed, they would make it possible to locate, enumerate, and acquire crucial information about enemy aircraft and other craft both marine and submarine. With such eyes, one would be able lovingly to follow a friend at a considerable distance and assure oneself of that friend's well-being (or the opposite).

Or, if such eyes as Watson-Watt believed possible could be placed on

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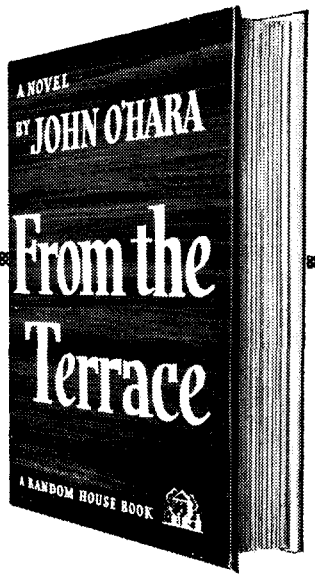

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—Robert Kirsch,
LOS ANGELES TIMES

FROM THE TERRACE
by JOHN O'HARA
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RANDOM HOUSE

a plane or a ship, then those on board would be able to know, at any moment, their precise position in relation to a target or, their mission accomplished, in relation to "home and mother." If the eyes could be made sharp enough, a pilot would perhaps even be able to "see" a hidden terrain concealed from him by fog as he approached it by sea, or concealed by darkness as he flew over it.

Watson-Watt knew that, with radio, it would not be technically very difficult to get a "fix" on a moving object provided the object would oblige by sending out radio signals. An enemy object would, of course, not so oblige. What was needed in such a case was, if possible, to send toward the object a "short, sharp radio *bang*"—and rig a receiver to pick up the echo. How Watson-Watt and associates (to whom he gives the fullest credit) actually accomplished this feat, how their accomplishment ultimately stopped the blitz, how it altered the whole history of the war and perhaps of the world, is the subject of this remarkable story by the person chiefly responsible.

Beginning with his famous "anti-death-ray memorandum," Watson-Watt takes us both backward and forward through time: Back to his boyhood in Scotland, back to the elegant scientific formulations of Fizeau and Hertz, Maxwell and Faraday, back even before the Norman invasion to the ancient religious cult of the Culdees—all made quite relevant; then forward to the earliest development of workable radar, its initial failures, its subsequent successes, its ultimate very great success. The failures of radar, incidentally, and of the men who manned it, are not overlooked.

The writing is mostly superb, despite occasional chronological confusion. Partly this confusion is due to Sir Robert's spontaneous way of writing off the top of his mind. Partly it is his way of going back, from time to time, to trace each thread of the story from its separate beginning—but that, of course, is how it all happened, "without any proper order." The stylistic result is, in any case, excellent—chiefly for two reasons: First, the author is a Britisher with all the advantages of a British education, which tends to make one a remarkably well-educated man, in addition to an engineering physicist. Second, the author's genius and wit keep irrepressibly bursting the seams of the narrative.

The subtitle designates this book an autobiography. It contains, indeed, affectionate references to the author's private life. He charmingly credits his second and present wife with correcting a terrible defect in his personal, psychological radar equipment —namely, the "IFF" device, which distinguishes friend from foe. (Before he met Jean, he tended to interpret friendly or indifferent signals as unfriendly ones.) But the story is mostly about radar, and if the reader concludes that the development of radar and the life of Watson-Watt are not ultimately separable, he fulfills the author's intention. Many details of the radar story have already been recounted. Here the story is told more directly, more passionately, more personally—with greater *élan*.

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In Durance Vile—and Later

***"The Borstal Boy," by Brendan Behan** (Knopf. 372 pp. $4.50), recalls the rigorous experiences of the author as an agitator for the I.R.A., which landed him as a lad of sixteen in a reform school. A. M. Sullivan, a poet and student of Irish history, offers below his opinion of the memoir and the idiom in which it is written.*

By A. M. Sullivan

BENEATH the scurvy rind of "The Borstal Boy" is the strange fruit of a sensitive writer in whom the animal and spiritual are in continuous and violent conflict. In 1940 at the age of sixteen, Brendan Behan, an Irish Republican army volunteer, was arrested in England for complicity in the bombings attributed to the outlawed army composed of men who never accepted the treaty which makes Ireland three-fourths sovereign and one-fourth English. Behan was thrown into a Liverpool prison with the criminal dregs of the community to await trial for his political activities. "The Borstal Boy" begins with his experience in durance vile—vile indeed.

The typical American reader is faced with a number of problems in communication, as he reads Behan's book, which is written in Dublin vernacular with liberal and equally difficult examples of London, Liverpool, and other regional idioms of Britain. The book offers a glossary of the street lingo without which the dialogue would be as incomprehensible as rock 'n' roll terminology to an Oxford don.

The author, who has achieved distinction as a playwright with his "Quare Fellow," reveals his dramatic skill in the situations he depicts, the characters, whom he draws with deft touches, and the dialogue, which he clothes with wit and wisdom, vulgarity and irreverence. The word "bastard" graces the average page three to four times, and all the four-letter words of impolite Saxon origin appear frequently, in a variety of spellings, as they fall from the tongue of cockney, Lancastershireman, or Dubliner. This bilgy vocabulary gets more tiresome than offensive, and while it may be an accurate rendition of British jailhouse conversation, the novelty wears off soon and the nausea hangs on.

However, once in a while when the miasma blows away, the rugged and sensitive poet stands before you. Behan has bardic talent, and he knows Irish history—the heroes and martyrs—in dynastic detail. Though he was brutally punished for his candor on several occasions, he frequently reminds the reader, as he did the dour English judge and the shocked English priest, that Ireland has never given up her claims to the island's sovereignty.

Behan's father fought with the "Poets of Easter Week," and his uncle was a writer of popular patriotic songs, including the distinguished "Bold Fenian Men." Born in 1923, at the end of "The Trouble," young Behan inherited the rebel spirit of a family that would not accept the Treaty of Partition, which was arranged by Michael Collins and David Lloyd George—an agreement which split the Irish rebels, and brought on the suicidal civil war.

Behan treats the Catholic religion and Christian symbols with a rude familiarity, but mouths prayers and anticlerical diatribes in the same breath. "Belittling" is a favorite Irish pastime, and Behan demonstrates it with vigor; however, beneath it is a curious loyalty and affection for the "Church."

The conflict and confusion of loyalties in the Liverpool jail and the reformatory at Borstal gave Behan a rare insight into the humanity of man at a low level of appraisal. Irishmen living in England abused him, while English jailers and inmates often befriended him. The daily drama at Liverpool was as debased as any problem in survival can be, with the hopes of men pinned to the comfort of cigarette butts, of conversation through keyholes, and extra food or cocoa. The overriding influence of a basic humanity on the conflicting origins and prejudices is presented most effectively in the bus ride to Borstal Reformatory, where Behan sang Irish rebel tunes and his English friends applauded the artist as well as the rebel. The discipline at Borstal compared with Liverpool was relaxed and reasonable.

BEHAN'S family was rich in the literary tradition of Ireland, if not too well off in material wealth. His mother worked in Maude Gonne's home on Stephen's Green. The deep roots of the Gaelic folklore flow through his imaginative speech, which dips into the Gaelic verse of O'Raftery and Brian Merriman. He grew up in the charged air of politics and the literary turbulence of Yeats, A.E., and Stephens.

If one has the tough stomach for Behan's language, which ranges from the gutter to the zodiac, there are compensations. His literary resources are substantial, despite the strut and bluster of his tongue, but his way with words is a thorny path for the stranger, as well as the sensitive and informed listener.

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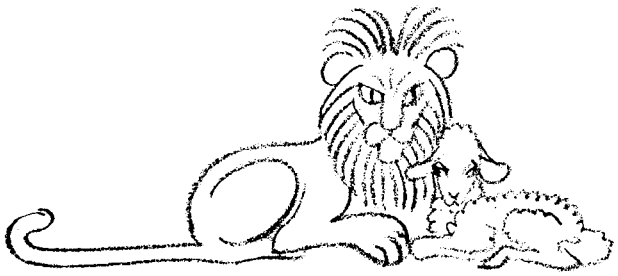

—From "The Peaceable Kingdom."

THE HORN BOOK has recently issued **"Illustrators of Children's Books: 1946-1956"** ($20), its supplement to "Illustrators of Children's Books, 1744-1945." This supplement follows the general pattern of its predecessor with three articles by outstanding illustrators, brief biographies of the artists active during this eleven-year period, and a bibliography of the illustrators and their works. These two volumes and the earlier "Contemporary Illustrators of Children's Books," also published by The Horn Book, cover the history of illustration in juveniles and present the contemporary artists who are now working in this field. All three books are indispensable tools in the study of children's literature.

Reviewers for this issue: Julia Jussim Brody, Bronx Borough children's specialist, The New York Public Library; Della McGregor, chief of Youth Services, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library, and Sara H. Wheeler, assistant professor, School of Librarianship, University of Washington.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

CURIOUS GEORGE FLIES A KITE. *By Margaret Rey. Pictures by H. A. Rey. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. This latest "Curious George" book is developed with a controlled vocabulary, using only 218 different words, most of them in first-grade basic texts. After the first few pages the tale races along at George's usual tempo.

Discovering what fun it is to do tricks with a ball, George enlarges his audience to include a family of bunnies, a fat fisherman, and a boy with both a bicycle and a kite. When the kite and George sail over the housetops in a good stiff breeze, his owner takes off in a helicopter to rescue him. The tale, written in a more diversified and colorful vocabulary, is likely to serve as a popular introduction to George's earlier adventures.

—Della McGregor.

KING CARLO OF CAPRI. *By Warren Miller and Edward Sorel. Illustrated by Mr. Sorel. Harcourt.* $2.95. "Mononga-hela!" cried the Wise Wizard of Zoa, and a princeling with a "head like a doorknob, eyes that were too small and ears that were too big, and a nose that was not like a nose at all" grew into a king of wisdom, generosity, and talent. The woman he loved miraculously developed gifts with the power to transform her beloved into the handsomest of men. Many shocking pink and mustard-colored illustrations contribute to the spirit of truth veiled in make-believe through stylization and frequent repetition of motives. A gay simplification of Charles Perrault's "Riquet with the Tuft."

—Sara H. Wheeler.

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM AND OTHER POEMS. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrations by Fritz Eichenberg. Pantheon.* $2.75. The first poem in this book is a retelling of the story of Noah's Ark from the animals' point of view, the second is a medieval legend of the animals that came to pay homage and to be blessed when the Holy Family stopped in the desert on the flight into Egypt, and the last is an idyllic picture of the Peaceable Kingdom when man and animals live at peace with each other. These three poems by Elizabeth Coatsworth, with their central theme the essential harmony between man and animals, and Mr. Eichenberg's illustrations (in soft blues and tans that establish further this harmonious relationship) make this a delightful book for all ages.

—F. L. S.

MR. BASS'S PLANETOID. *By Eleanor Cameron. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Little, Brown.* $3. Taking off in their own spaceship, two boys, aged nine and eleven, go in search of earth's satellite *Lepton.* They successfully chart their course according to directives left for them by a slightly wacky scientist, who is attempting to locate enough Brumbilium to unravel the earth and transform salt water into fresh.

Peppered with fantastic phrases, and scrambled scientific codes, this fast-paced tale is sure to enlist the interest of readers of the author's "Wonderful Mushroom Planet" and the Miss Pickerell stories by Ellen MacGregor.

—D. McG.

HENRY REED, INC. *By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking.* $3. Henry Reed, son of an American diplomat, spends his summer with relatives in the rarefied atmosphere near Princeton University. Because of his teacher's request that he attempt work illustrative of "free enterprise," Henry organizes the firm Henry Reed, Inc., Pure and Applied Research, of which he is the principal member.

This is his journal, in which are recorded the experiences with "research" ventures that Henry shared with Midge, a bright girl with a sense of humor and a flair for business enterprise. The results are hilarious situations involving people and animals in the community, which are bewildering to their elders, disconcerting to themselves, and fun for the reader.

McCloskey's illustrations complete a book to be savored by boys and girls alike.

—Julia Jussim Brody.

THE BARQUE OF THE BROTHERS. *By Hans Baumann. Translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Illustrated by Ulrik Schramm. Walck.* $3. This compelling narrative is based upon Portuguese fifteenth-century exploration of the African coast beyond Cape Bojador. The conflicting drives provided by devotion of brother to brother and the need for self-expression consti-

—From "The Barque of the Brothers."

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tute a basic theme. This last of Hans Baumann's America-Asia-Africa trilogy evolves around the brothers Tinoco and Aires, who are trained and sent by the enigmatic Henry the Navigator (the Infante Henrique) to explore the unknown and extend Portuguese possessions. Aires is home-loving while Tinoco's happiness depends upon response to the call of the perilous sea. This is a penetrating study, based on Portugal's actual struggle to hold the Moroccan city of Ceuta and the voyage to the Bitter (Geba) River from which last Aires returns alone.

—S. H. W.

BEHIND THE ZUNI MASKS. *By Val Gendron. Decorations by Allan Thomas. Longmans, Green.* $3. Charlie Nickerson, transplanted from Cape Cod to unfamiliar La Junta, Colorado, finds himself steeped in Indian culture through the wise guidance of his scout leader and the influence of his peers in the Koshare Scout Troop. Along with his ever-growing appreciation of Indian cultures comes his growth in stature.

The story centers chiefly around the troop's "Kiva," where they work at perfecting techniques of recreating Indian handicrafts and ceremonial dances. A dramatic climax is reached when their efforts are misunderstood by the Zunis. The way in which the Scouts resolve the situation makes for an exciting conclusion.

Boys interested in "Scouting" will enjoy this story based upon actual work of this outstanding troop.

—J. J. B.

THE SULTAN'S FOOL AND OTHER NORTH AFRICAN TALES. *Retold by Robert Gilstrap and Irene Estabrook. Illustrated by Robert Greco. Holt.* $2.75. The tables are turned on unsuspecting jackals, sultans, and thieves by clever goats, rabbits, beggars, and jesters in eleven short tales retold from traditional stories heard in Libya. Young readers will admire the caliph's ingenuity in discovering the thief of the thousand pieces of gold, but the ending here and elsewhere is somewhat moralizing and lacking in subtle implication. Line drawings contribute unusual gaiety and sly humor to the appearance of this small collection.

—S. H. W.

LOOK FOR A BIRD'S NEST. *By Robert Scharff. Illustrated by Valerie Swenson. Putnam.* $2.75. **NATURE DETECTIVE.** *By Millicent Selsam. Illustrated by Theresa Sherman. W. R. Scott.* $2.75. These two books are fine for wintertime use as they suggest activities appropriate to this season. Mr. Scharff reminds his readers in "Look for a Bird's Nest" that in the fall and winter when trees are bare, birds' nests are easy to see, and that it is only during this time when they are empty that they should be collected. Over sixty birds' nests are identified by description and drawings; specifications for building birdhouses and directions for preserving a collection of nests are given; a bibliography and index are appended. Though "Nature Detective" is not limited to identifying animal and bird tracks, but includes as well such clues as bits of fur or hair caught on branches, nibbled patches on tree trunks, broken twigs, feathers, and molted skins, it is the variety of easily identifiable footprints in the snow that gives excitement to the book. Children in the curious middle years will find both books absorbing. —F. L. S.

USING ELECTRONICS: A Book of Things to Make. *By Harry Zarchy. Illustrated by the author. Crowell.* $2.50. Harry Zarchy, the author of many books of craft and scientific interest, has given, in his usual clear style, a fine book of experiments in electronics that will interest older boys who enjoy constructing radio receivers and related objects.

The nature of electricity, basic tools, and materials, and the methods of using them, are discussed, in addition to the experiments themselves. There are many accompanying diagrams and a key to the symbols used in them, as well as concise explanations of the theories behind these experiments.

—J. J. B.

AN ADVENTURE IN ASTRONOMY. *By Kenneth Heuer. Viking.* $3.50. This fascinating tour of the skies is of interest to skywatchers who have wondered what the stars beyond their own horizon are like.

Scanning the heavens from various places around the world, the author includes descriptions of the sky on Midsummer Eve on the islands surrounding Helsinki, when the sun makes its temporary dip below the horizon; the traditional Koko fires' blaze; the Aurora Borealis in the night sky near the Pole; he watches the sun rise and set perpendicularly at Quito, then scans the sky for stellar activities less familiar to dwellers in our Northern Hemisphere.

Planned for high-school level, the book is based on a series of lectures presented by the author while a member of the Hayden Planetarium staff.

—D. McG.

ELEMENTS OF THE UNIVERSE. *By Glen Seaborg and Evans G. Valens. Illustrated with photographs, charts, and diagrams. Dutton.* $3.95. Here is an excellent introduction to chemistry by an outstanding chemist of our time. It offers a clear, well-written account of the elements in the Periodic Table and a history of their discovery. There is also a lively discussion of man's theories through the ages about the chemical composition and structure of the universe, and current projects being conducted to clarify and widen our knowledge in this field.

This technical material is so well handled that the older child and layman will glean much about the study of chemistry. —J. J. B.

—From "The Sultan's Fool."

UNDERSTANDING TIME: The Science of Clocks and Calendars. *By Beulah Tannenbaum and Myra Stillman. Illustrated by William D. Hayes. Whittlesey.* $3. The fascinating story of man's attempts to understand the clock of the universe unfolds as sun clocks, fire clocks, water clocks, sand clocks, mechanical clocks, and calendars are placed in their historical settings. Credit is carefully attributed to the widely dispersed people who independently invented these time measurers. When some ingenious Egyptian decided to use the dripping of water to measure time, the clepsydra emerged, but the reader learns that people of ancient India and China devised their versions as well. Problems involved in taking untried steps which made other advances possible, and the fact that some problems must still be solved if we are ever to have a uniform world measure of time, are explained in simple, precise style with profuse graphic illustrations. —S. H. W.

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Dinosaurs

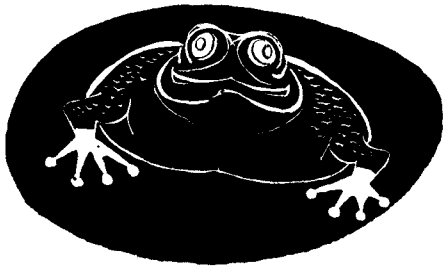
Continued from page 14

ago most of the inhabitants of this continent were scattered about on farms or in rural towns with plenty of room to spare. But now that two-thirds of us live in urban areas, our accountability to each other is greatly enhanced. Childhood activities which used to be tolerated in rural societies are now regarded in cities as "deviant behavior"; one suspects it is not high-spirited youth that has changed, but the norms of delinquency against which juvenile conduct is measured. Similarly, for adults, driving a Buick on a crowded speedway requires more continuous exercise of a sense of responsibility to others than driving a Model T on a rural byway. A pilot of an air-transport has to make more split-second decisions, and is responsible for more lives, than the man who drove the stage coach.

All this makes life more dangerous, both for the decision-maker and for the rest of us who depend on his being right the first time. But do not these accretions of personal responsibility tend to increase the individuals' sense of personal freedom?

Perhaps the most dramatic contemporary example is that of an air-defense team watching for enemy invasions through the Distant Early Warning line. As warning of attack becomes a matter of hours (and in the future even of minutes), a heavy responsibility to all of us rests on the young men who will interpret the electronic smears on their radar screens. Unleashing our capacity for massive retaliation against an enemy is a fearful responsibility, yet the demands of technology have not concentrated this decision but diffused it to the far corners of the earth where a sleepy GI could cost us precious time—or an overzealous one cost us much more than that.

In many less stirring but equally relevant ways, the complexity of society makes us all vulnerable to irresponsible action by others. If a man wanted to shoot up his neighbor in the Kentucky mountains, the other residents could avoid participation in the feud, which might smoulder for generations as a "limited war" between two families. But a similar feud will not be tolerated by urban society. The interrelatedness of everything puts society's balance of power in the hands of the innocent bystander.



This increase in the extent to which each individual is personally responsible to others is most noticeable in a large bureaucracy. No one person "decides" anything; each "decision" of any importance is the product of an intricate process of brokerage involving individuals inside and outside the organization who feel some reason to be affected by the decision, or who have special knowledge to contribute to it. The more varied the organization's constituency, the more its decisions affect "the public," the more outside "veto-groups" will need to be taken into account. But even if no outside consultations were involved, sheer size would produce a complex process of decision. For a large organization is a deliberately created system of tensions into which each individual is expected to bring workways, viewpoints, and outside relationships markedly different from those of his colleagues. It is the administrator's task to draw from these disparate forces the elements of wise action from day to day, consistent with the purposes of the organization as a whole.

Such a bureaucratic tension-system places a high premium on imagination, vigor, and qualities of personal leadership at all levels. The larger and more complex the organization, the more necessary it is for more of its members to learn and practice the art of building consent around a personal conviction—and reconciling it with the personal convictions of others. The finer is the division of labor required, the more important it is for the scientist or economist or other specialist to understand the process by which his expert judgments are stirred into the administrative stew.

The expert is no longer just responsible for "presenting all the alternatives" in a careful, scientific, and scholarly manner. He must also figure out who to present them to, and how, and what he wants to see happen after one of his "alternatives" is accepted. The expert is also responsible, in short, for being not only right but effective: for getting his thinking understood by non-specialists, and for carrying his recommendations to the point of action. In a world of large-scale organization, everybody is expected to understand and practice the art of administration. Those who do so effectively will experience a sense of freedom—not in the interstices, but right in the middle of things.

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(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1301

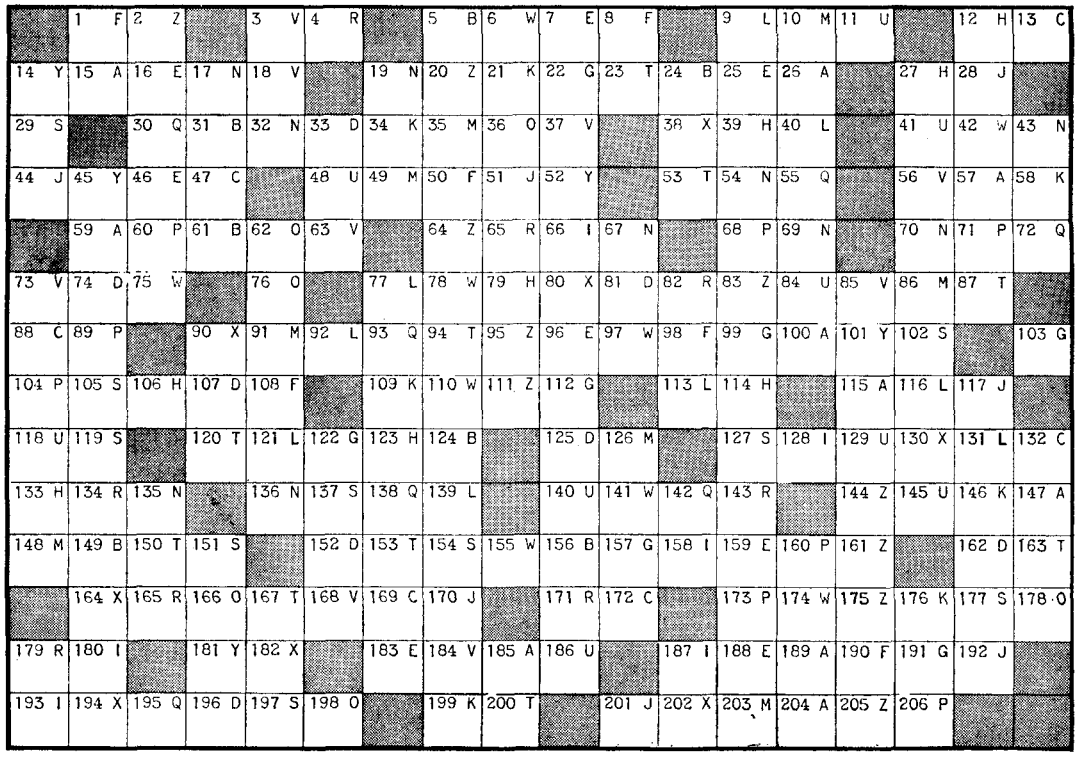
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Large flying insect which buzzes loud, of steely or coppery color.	100 185 59 26 115 189 57 147 15 204
B. Arabic name for Damascus (2 wds.).	61 124 31 5 149 24 156
C. Nomadic.	169 88 172 132 13 47
D. Birth.	125 162 74 107 196 33 152 81
E. Deflecting from a straight line.	159 183 96 7 188 16 46 25
F. Small sign used in printing, as the dot of an *i* or *j*, the tilde, etc.	1 50 108 98 190 8
G. Making level; afternoon.	122 191 103 157 99 112 22
H. How Omar described his "bowl we call the sky."	27 39 133 106 79 114 12 123
I. Snowy.	193 158 66 128 180 187
J. Furnish proof such as to establish.	44 201 117 51 192 28 170
K. Improperly treating.	176 199 109 58 146 21 34
L. Caught in a deceit or error (colloq. not in Webster as 2 wds.).	9 131 113 77 92 121 40 116 139
M. English journalist, editor of Encyc. Britannica, 11th Ed. (1866-1924).	148 10 35 203 49 126 86 91
N. Partly shut (comp.).	136 32 19 69 70 54 43 17 67 135
O. Followed by Word T, continuously (2 wds.).	198 178 76 62 166 36
P. Any pieces of wool not adapted to a mill's requirements (comp.).	68 104 206 173 71 89 160 60
Q. Florentine painter, 15th cent., known for studies in foreshortening and linear perspective.	72 30 195 93 138 55 142
R. Meddle (with) again.	179 134 171 65 143 82 4 165
S. One of the players next to the end in a football line-up (2 wds.).	154 102 105 151 119 29 127 177 197 137
T. See Word O (3 wds.).	150 120 163 200 87 53 94 153 23 167
U. General activities of pleasure seekers after dark (2 wds.).	129 118 41 145 48 186 84 140 11
V. Unintelligible language.	37 56 3 85 168 73 184 63 18
W. Earlier name for region corresponding roughly to Bolivia (2 wds.).	6 174 110 75 42 97 78 141 155
X. Poignant, delicate repartee, amusing sayings (2 wds.).	38 182 130 90 80 164 194 202
Y. Italian operatic tenor, at the Met. from 1920-32.	14 45 52 101 181
Z. Concluding part of a protocol.	175 161 95 64 20 83 2 144 111 205

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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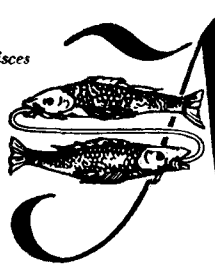
Pisces



March

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—Dora Harvey.

Alban Berg, from a picture taken on the day of the dress rehearsal for the Vienna production of "Wozzeck" (March 28, 1930).

SR/RECORDINGS

FEBRUARY 28, 1959

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The Metropolitan Comes to "Wozzeck"

By IRVING KOLODIN

AFTER twenty-five years, plus, on the periphery of New York musical life, Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" (they are pronouncing it "Vutzek") reaches the theatrical center of it when the Metropolitan Opera Association presents it for the first time in an English translation on March 5. It is, of course, not the first time "Wozzeck" has been heard in the theatre, for that event occurred twenty-eight years ago on November 24, 1931, when the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company presented it under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, who had been in charge of the work's first American performance in the company's home city the previous March.

Unquestionably, twenty-eight years is an inordinately long time for a work of admitted excellence to reach repertory status at the Metropolitan. "Wozzeck" enjoys the distinction of inclusion in Ernest Newman's "Great Operas"; it had a memorable concert performance by the Philharmonic under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos in 1951 (how good it was can be determined from Columbia set SL 118); and the New York City Opera dealt with it in the same English translation under the direction of Joseph Rosenstock in 1952.

Let it be said that "Wozzeck" is music drama of a certain sort, as the Metropolitan is a musical theatre of a certain sort. Rudolf Bing's interest in the subject has been a matter of record since his arrival here, when he named it in a decalogue of favorite stage works. With "Don Carlo" in his first year flanking such perennial favorites as "Aida," "Rosenkavalier," "Boris," "Otello," "Figaro," "Bohème," "Fidelio," and "Carmen," the production of "Wozzeck" in his ninth season rounds out the tensome. Presumably, he has arrived at the view that the time, mood and atmosphere to make a venture with "Wozzeck" have finally come about.

Why, in all good consciousness, should there have been so much hesitation about this particular work, which has been heard if not embraced in every prominent opera theatre of Europe, including England's Covent Garden? Two things, in all probabil-

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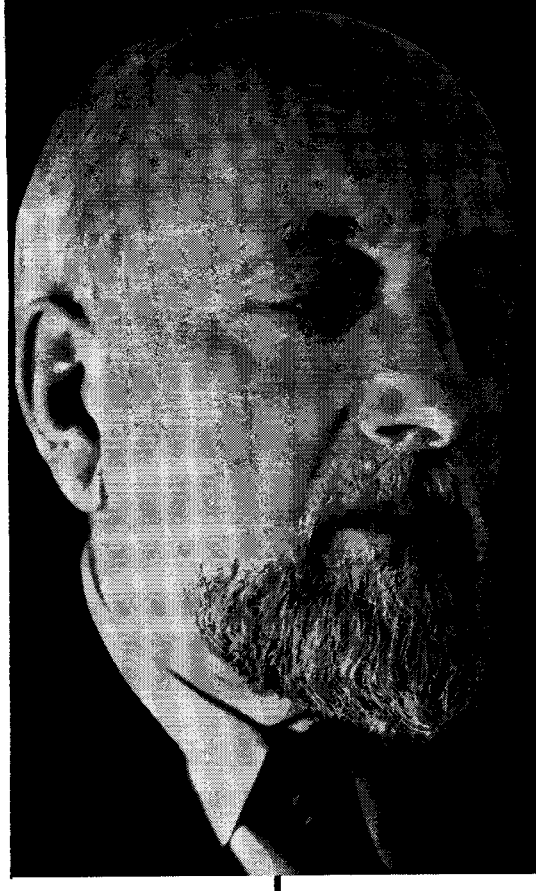

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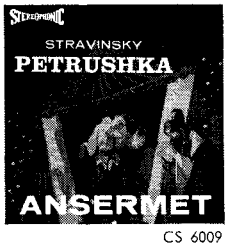

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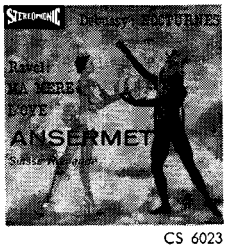

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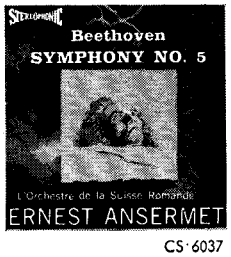

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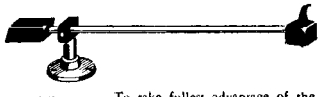

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ity: the stigma of "twelve tone" that attaches to it, and the unusual character of its vocal writing, in which there is a limited amount of conventional singing, and a considerable amount of declamation-on-pitch. Aside from any other factors, these have previously been regarded as *terra incognita* for the "certain kind of musical theatre," which is the Metropolitan.

But, as "smallpox," "typhoid," "yellow fever," and other danger signs have lost their implications under the advance of improved knowledge, so the chills and fevers associated with this kind of writing have abated. It is a general, and growing, awareness that, even in this connotation, "what" remains a much more compelling factor than "how." The distinction is not often enough made that the mere freedom to use all the chromatic tones in the octave without regard to conventional key relationships—as Berg does in "Wozzeck"—does not convict a composer of rigid adherence to the full dogma of Schoenberg.

Indeed, it is now clearly apparent that "Wozzeck" is much more tonal than is commonly imagined, that it has been subject to the familiar doctrine of guilt-by-association with Berg's later works (including his venture with Frank Wedekind's "Erdgeist" titled "Lulu"), in which he made closer usage of Schoenberg's "serial" principles (though with some important modifications of his own). A receptive auditor can form a reasoned judgment of "Wozzeck" without concerning himself with the techniques employed or the elaborate scheme of formal design (the arrangement of its fifteen scenes into Suite, Rhapsody, Passacaglia, Invention, and Fugue, etc.) which Berg evolved, as he has said, in order to achieve "a cohesion" without the "medium of Tonality" and its long developed interrelationships.

AS EXPOUNDED in a lengthy lecture of 1929 (reproduced in full by H. D. Redlich in his excellent study of the composer and his works published in this country by Abelard-Schumann Ltd. in 1957), Berg's reasons for his choice of a suite, for example, to embody the action of Scene I are cogent enough: "the dialogue of this scene (in which nothing really happens)," he wrote, "consists likewise of loosely connected topics of discussion. It was a near guess to find for each topic a small formal type and to combine several of these types into a Suite. That this process resulted in a Suite of more or less stylized archaic dance-forms (such as Prelude, Pavane, Cadenza, Gigue, Gavotte with double-refrain) was no mere chance, although it happened quite unconsciously."

Perhaps the most telling word in this illuminating comment is the last: that it happened "unconsciously." If, as he worked, Berg evolved these procedures to carry out a motivation deeply felt and painstakingly expressed, they served their purpose in the creative process, and are of curiosity interest only to the listener bent on poking around the composer's workshop. To suggest, as some have, that knowledge of these procedures is a pre-condition to "understanding" "Wozzeck" is akin to saying that "Se vuol ballare" in "Figaro" is more appealing if one knows that it is a minuet, or that the emotions of Rocco, Jacquino, Marzelline, and Fidelio are clearer if Beethoven's treatment of them in "Fidelio" is recognized as a canon, or that the final episode of Verdi's "Falstaff" gains in gaiety if it is known to be a double fugue. The appeal of a stage work *must* be in the theatre's own terms—continuity, contrast, crisis, climax—rather than in those imported from the study or by reference to the composer's blueprint.

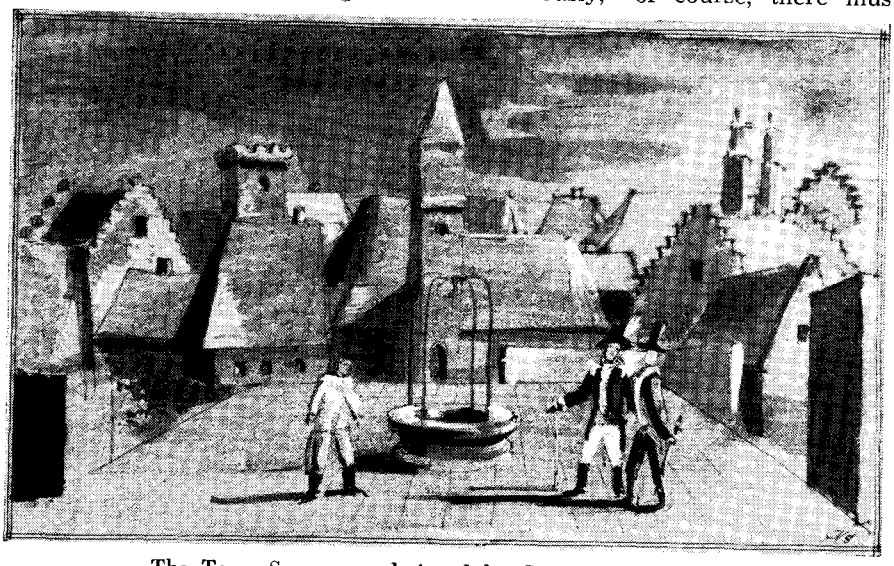
What Berg has done best in "Wozzeck" remains what he did "unconsciously," which is to say in his initial response to Georg Büchner's play when he saw a revival of it in Vienna in 1914. (The dramatist himself died more than three-quarters of a century before, in 1837.) In exposing himself to its influence, in absorbing its atmosphere and reliving the emotions of its characters musically, Berg created the pre-conditions of an artistic accomplishment from which he could not be dissuaded even by so great a partisan of his talents as Schoenberg. As we know, the latter has written that he was "greatly surprised when this soft-hearted, timid young man had the courage to engage in a venture which seemed to invite misfortune" because of its tragic nature and its concern with "every-day life," which were "contrary to the concept of opera that still lived on stylized costumes and conventionalized characters."

BUT how fortunate that "Wozzeck" was undertaken *not* by a "hard-hearted, brash young man" but by the one so aptly characterized by Schoenberg! For the determining factor in the appeal of "Wozzeck" is not the "system" or lack of it in the writing, or the means, however artful, by which Berg propped up his structure, but the sheer poetic power which seizes us at the outset and holds us relentlessly in its grip through the numerous scenes describing the tortures, trials (no triumphs) and eventual termination of Wozzeck's life.

Beyond what was experienced "unconsciously," of course, there must be reckoned the sustained, conscious process by which "Wozzeck" was brought into being over a period extending from 1914 to 1921. A work of art is almost invariably a product of the art of work, as Berg's carefully compounded, relentlessly meaningful score attests. The physical man was a kind of intermediary between the known and the unknown, pursuing his subject to its eventual realization because there were more forces "unconsciously" at work in him than he consciously comprehended.

The confirmation of this, so far as I am personally concerned, is in the tonal language Berg evolved for his subject. It is as singular to "Wozzeck" as Wagner's chromaticism is to "Tristan," or Debussy's evanescent harmonic flux is to "Pelléas." Neither Wagner nor Debussy did anything like "Tristan" or "Pelléas" again, nor did the means serve anyone else effectively, save in a clear confession of the

(*Continued on page 57*)



The Town Square, as designed by Caspar Neher for the Metropolitan production of "Wozzeck" (Act II, Scene II).

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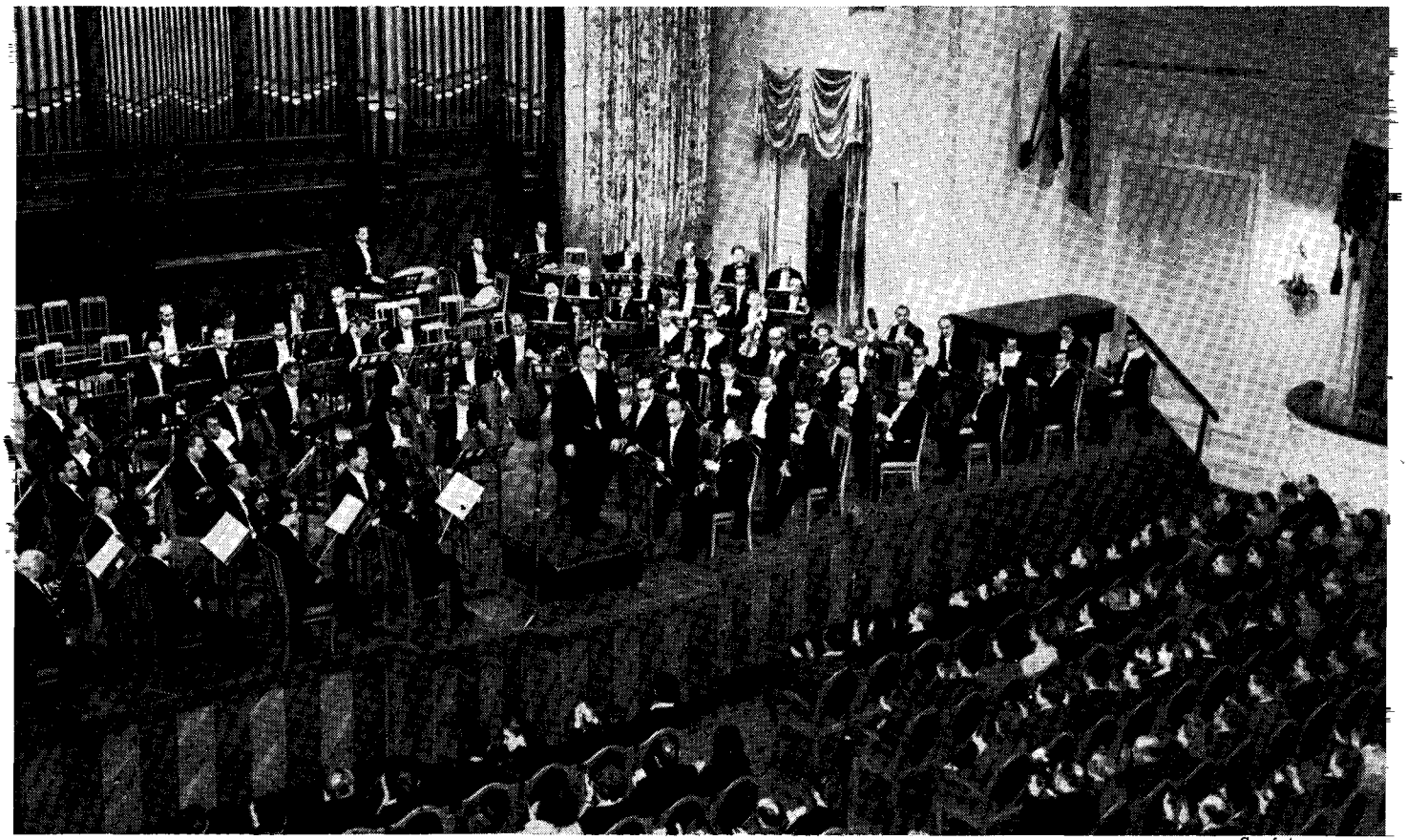

—Sovfoto.

In the Great Hall—the visiting Symphony Orchestra of Leipzig, conducted by Franz Konwitschny, gives a concert.

MUSIC IN MOSCOW

By FAUBION BOWERS

IN THE heart of downtown Moscow, a couple of blocks from the Kremlin, stands a fine, four-story, brick building painted yellow and white. It has no plaque or sign to say what it is, but an enormous statue of Tchaikovsky, seated and waving his hands, in front of the main entrance gives you a hint. Only after you read the announcements of dozens and dozens of concerts, pasted on the billboards of the outside walls, do you know for certain that this is the State Moscow Conservatory of Music Named after Tchaikovsky.

This edifice is, however, more than even its full, imposing title implies. In addition to being a full-scale music school, it also contains one of Moscow's largest concert halls, the Great Hall, where the Boston Symphony played last year. While it is perhaps small by our standards—like Town Hall in New York, both in size and severity of decoration—it nevertheless sells 350,000 tickets a year to Moscow music lovers. The Conservatory also has a smaller hall, the Little Hall, where lesser artists and advanced students perform, and where chamber music is played. The Conservatory's greatest distinction lies in the fact that the majority of Russia's most celebrated musicians emanate from here, and most of them eventually—sooner or later—end up here. This has been true ever since 1866 when the Conservatory was founded as the Russian Musical Society and Tchaikovsky was its president. Rachmaninov was a Gold Medal winner, and Chaliapin, Gabrilovich, and Lhevinne, to name only a few, all studied here.

Despite the fact that during the Revolution many of Russia's greatest musicians fled the country, today the Conservatory still manages to exude its magic. It now continues with a galaxy of the Soviet Union's most glittering names. A. B. Goldenweiser, a kindly, little old man with white hair and matching white goatee and mustache (he's the author of a popular book of reminiscences about Tolstoy), is the head and senior-most member of this exclusive sanctum. In the days when he was a pianist (for which he was made a "People's Artist"—the equivalent of being knighted in England), he taught Neuhaus, the most brilliant Soviet pianist of yesterday, and it was Neuhaus who, in turn, taught Gilels, the best pianist here today. Now, all three teach at the Conservatory in a sort of three-generation, clubby atmosphere. David Oistrakh is a professor, and if you catch him on one of his working afternoons, you can barge in between classes and talk to him without an appointment. The Leningrader, Dmitri Shostakovich, has settled here, and his eighteen-year-old son has just passed the examination for higher studies in piano. Shostakovich holds court here—when he teaches—and is received at court—when he plays his newest works on the piano and submits them to the criticism and suggestions of his fellow-musicians on the Conservatory staff. Aram Khachaturian, of "Sabre Dance" fame, comes from Armenia, but he studied and now teaches here.

EVEN some of the students are already famous: the Oistrakh son, Igor, and Leonid Kogan among violinists; Vladimir Ashkenazy and Dmitri Bashkirov, among pianists.

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Ever since tsarist times, the Conservatory has sounded a siren call throughout the country. To be accepted as a student was and is a signal honor and a cause for rejoicing. Formerly, there was an added, incidental factor. Jews were not allowed to live in Moscow, unless they were government officials. However, if a Jewish student were admitted to the Conservatory, then his family could come and live with him. For this very practical purpose, many children were encouraged to take up music.

Once the lucky student joins the Conservatory, he is immediately given a stipend. He starts out as "First Class" ("First Class" is the lowest, "Fifth Class" is the highest), and if he is a pianist say, he receives the equivalent of $25 a month. While this doesn't sound like much, it is adequate in the USSR where the standard of living is low and students live simply. Few have more than one suit of clothes, two or three changes of underwear, and a single pair of shoes. Tuition is free, of course, and the student either lives with his family, or at the hostel, which charges only nominally. Food, in general, is cheap. The student can also augment the stipend by working in his spare time, teaching others who are aspiring to get in the Conservatory, helping out in any of the several musical museums, or playing in little orchestras. During Youth Festivals and Student Rallies, a board commissions student musicians to perform or compose little pieces for which they are given bonuses of 1,000 rubles ($100). Some of the young composers are still distributing copies of their songs about "Harmony" and "Friendship," which the Government printed in mass quantities for the last Youth Festival. Singers are allowed a larger stipend than instrumentalists or composers ($50 from the outset), because side jobs are scarcer for them. By the fifth year at the Conservatory, all students receive at least $45 a month.

THE student at the Conservatory works hard. He practices five hours a day, on the average, part of it at home, part of it at school. He studies the usual subjects, history of music, theory and analysis, composition, and, of course, he has private lessons with his chosen teacher. He is required to study one foreign language. There is a certain rigidity about this. Whatever language he first took up in grade school must be continued. If he started English as a child before he found say, that he had blossomed into a fine baritone suitable for Italian opera, it could happen that he would still continue in English and have to pick up Italian on his own. But the point is almost an academic one; most singing is done in Russian.

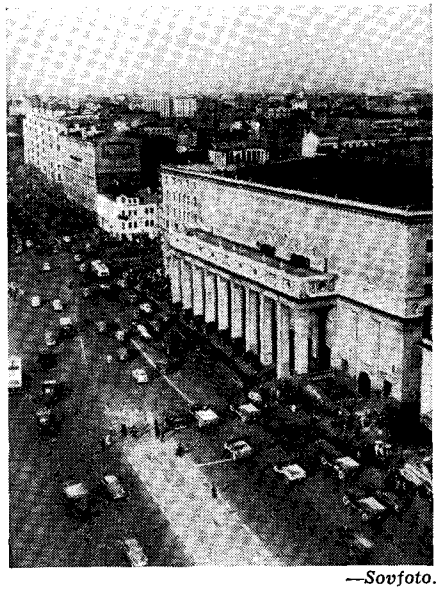
Each student also undertakes some unusual, for us at least, subjects. He calls these "Philosophy"—Marxism for an hour a week in the first year; Political Economy, for the same period of time in the second year; History of the Communist Party, for the third year; and in the fourth, "Aesthetics," as he calls it, or the theory of art as conceived by Plekhanov, Lenin's great friend. At the end of five years, if he has passed each successive, yearly examination, the student receives his Diploma, a title which is the equivalent of our Bachelor of Arts. He then sits for a test to determine whether he can continue at the Conservatory and become an Aspirant. As soon as he passes this, he ascends from the students' lunch buffet downstairs to the professors' buffet upstairs. While the food is the same—sausages, *buterbrod* (open sandwiches), cakes, and soft drinks—the honor of sitting with one's superiors is an added incentive. The next advancement open is Candidate, the equivalent of our Ph.D. Finally, he may become Doctor. This is almost an honorary degree, extremely rare, and is conferred after a good deal of practical work, performances, or research.

AT EVERY step of the student's life at the Conservatory, there are examinations to keep track of his progress and his ability to continue in this privileged, State-supported atmosphere. These examinations, as in every other country, are terrifying. When I watched one of them not long ago, the students outside were nervously awaiting their turn, pacing up and down in the hall or milling about in the lounge where a large pennant on the wall says bluntly, "Communism is higher than Capitalism." At the far end of the room sat all the senior teachers, or rather, "workers" or "doers" as they are called in common parlance. The ancient Goldenweiser, whom the students affectionately call "the museum piece," was immaculately dressed and huddled near the piano so he could hear better. Nikolayev, the affable director and practical administrator of the Conservatory, sat nearby observing how the contestants were doing. Neuhaus and Sofronitsky, a senior pianist who specializes in Scriabin and Prokofiev, sat together. Some of them wore elegant cuff links. Feinberg, the composer-pianist, wore a green velvet smoking jacket, matching flannel trousers, and thick-soled, foreign shoes. It was obvious that although the students' stipends may seem small, once they graduate and become teachers, they are quite well-off.

As the questions progressed, I began to realize more and more that I was no longer in conventional Europe: I was in Russia. The basic procedure was usual — "harmonize this melody," "sightread this piece of music," and "answer the following questions about such and such a composer." But in the majority of cases, the melodies to be harmonized were unfamiliar to me, the piece to be sightread would turn out to be a Polka by Smetana or a Gavotte by Liadov, and the questions to be answered were, for example, "How many sonatas did Glazunov write?" (I hadn't known he had written one), or "Name the symphonies of Scriabin." (The trembling girl who got that question, a Latvian, failed it.) Occasionally, Goldenweiser would ask a question, and sometimes the others would politely point out that it had just been answered. While the student sightread, one of the exalted professors would rise and turn the page helpfully for him.

AFTER graduation, the student, if he is for instance a concert pianist, comes under the "management" of the Moscow State Philharmonia, a board which controls the actuarial details of Moscow's musical world. It determines where and when he plays in public and the amount of his fee. An average, good pianist receives the startlingly small sum of $27 for a full concert at the Little Hall, but, by the same token, admission tickets cost only fifty cents or a dollar. Gilels, or Richter, of course, get more and often go on fifteen-city tours all over the country. The reasoning behind this

(*Continued on page* 73)



—*Sovfoto.*

Tchaikovsky Conservatory—"a fine, brick building, painted yellow and white."

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

Celli on Callas, Pro and Con

COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS

WE WISH TO THANK YOU for publishing Teodoro Celli's article, "Great Artists of Our Time: 1. Maria Callas." This is undoubtedly the first comprehensive analysis of Miss Callas as an artist that we have been able to find. Coming on the heels of the innumerable psychological studies of Miss Callas and the lurid press stories, it provides a stabilizing hand.

DORIS L. ROTHGESSER.

Hillside, N. J.

THE BEST SO FAR

SINCEREST CONGRATULATIONS on the initial "Great Artists of Our Time" series. I have never read a finer article on a singer than Sig. Celli's dialogue on Mme. Callas. But, there are still those of us who will always prefer the glorious voice to anything else in opera and request a hearing.

JOHN M. GEHL III.

New Orleans, La.

APOLOGY NEEDED

YOUR FIVE-PAGE spread on the most overrated singer of our times, Mme. Callas, should be in the nature of an apology rather than in praise of the overpublicized diva. To this listener her voice is one of the coldest, ugliest, and most monotonous voices ever applauded by an extremely gullible press and public.

JENNIE SCHULMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

STATING THE CASE

IN HIS ARTICLE on Maria Callas (*SR* Jan. 31) Teodoro Celli states that the "Callas case" has not been clarified, but the last two sentences of his article certainly do clarify, more than satisfactorily, her "case."

What has always interested me as regards this singer is that so many critics set up standards for *other* singers which never seem to apply to Mme. Callas. If Tebaldi, Steber, Milanov or other great sopranos commit slight errors in technique or taste, they are castigated, scolded, or simply dismissed or ignored. On the other hand, when Mme. Callas's many egregious "eccentricities," so glaring that they are forced to be noticed, appear, she is excused on the grounds that these blemishes do not really matter in so great an artist.

GERALD HAMM.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT A SHOCK!

EVERY WEEK FOR THE past three years I have looked forward eagerly to each issue of the *Saturday Review*, but what a shock I got with the issue of January 31st, 1959! The article by Teodoro Celli on Maria Callas is the most elaborate apology for any public figure that I have ever read.

Of the roughly fifteen full columns of the article, ten are spent defending Callas's voice and justifying it musically. But the article concludes with the quotation: "No! She *did not have exactly a voice*. But—" Mr. Celli's logic makes me feel that he finds her voice leaving something to be desired, does not want to admit this, and goes out of his way to prove the contrary.

THOMAS W. SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

INVALUABLE REMARKS

MANY THANKS INDEED for the invaluable remarks by Teodoro Celli on Callas and her art. This is music criticism at its highest instructive level and it puts the entire Callas controversy in the most sensible perspective yet seen, in this country at least.

JOHN P. MANDAINS, M.D.

Arlington, Va.

SANS HYSTERIA

MY HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS to Messrs. Celli and Weinstock for daring to evaluate the Callas voice in a climate of reason, sans emotion, sans the hysterical journalese that places the Callas personality and its resultant sensational news-copy value as the guiding perspective.

ALAN W. AGOL.

Visalia, Calif.

EMPHATIC CONGRATULATIONS

YOU DESERVE THE MOST emphatic congratulations for reprinting one of the all too *few* informal and intelligent articles on the subject of Maria Meneghini Callas. I saw it first in *Oggi* last year and fervently hoped it might possibly gain a more widespread audience.

DAVID WM. BROWN.

New York, N. Y.

ARMED TO THE TEETH

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING Teodoro Celli's article in translation. I have heard about it in the past but never found anyone who knew exactly what he said.

I am clipping this on to the previous article from *SR* of some time ago—"Maria, Renata, Zinka . . . *and Leonora*" —This prior article by Mr. Weinstock has succeeded in hushing to some extent —at least in my house—those highly critical of Callas—"because she can't sing." Now I've a double-barreled shotgun!

LOUIS BARTLETT.

New York, N. Y.

MACBETH ARTICLE TIMELY

MR. WEAVER'S TIMELY article on Macbeth in your Jan. 31st issue is most interesting, despite his indication that the Feb. 5th production at the Metropolitan will be the *American Premiere*.

Thank you for the new series on "Great Artists of Our Time." The profound evaluation of Maria Callas is a gem. This beginning makes one eager for additional numbers and many of them, in a *long* series.

JOSEPHINE DUNCAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WEST COAST APPEARANCE

IN HIS ARTICLE on the Metropolitan Opera's forthcoming first production of Verdi's "Macbeth" ("Verdi's Twice-Told 'Macbeth,'" *SR* Jan. 31), William Weaver says, "Its appearance finally at the Metropolitan on February 5 *is to all purposes* its American premiere . . ." (emphasis added).

We in San Francisco fail to grasp the significance of that "to all purposes," since "Macbeth" was presented by the San Francisco Opera Company in 1955, with Inge Borkh in the name part, Giorgio Tozzi and Robert Weede; and again during the 1957 season, with Leonie Rysanek (who is just this season making her Metropolitan debut), Giuseppe Taddei and Lorenzo Alvary.

OLIVE ENGLISH.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The comment should have been identified as an insertion by the editor, for which William Weaver was not responsible. It was not intended to discredit the performances by the New York City Opera Company in City Center or the Little Orchestra performance in Carnegie Hall (both reviewed in* SR*) or the ones in San Francisco. It was, rather, intended to underline the opportunity thus provided for "Macbeth" to be heard widely by Americans through a Metropolitan broadcast and an up to date complete recording (both already accomplished). For Miss English and others who wrote, a promise to be more explicit in the future.*

BUELOW NO LONGER "OBSCURE"

THE "OBSCURE" IN the sense of the four Italian words Hans von Buelow had entered into Johanna Strauss' *Stammbuch* did not pertain to the words themselves. In translation, they mean: fanaticism may be compared to petroleum light, enthusiasm, however, to electric light.

I am indebted to Dr. Willi Schuh, the Swiss Strauss biographer, for his advice as to the allusion Buelow wanted to express with these words. "Young Richard Strauss," he informs me, "at that time, passed through a period of admiration for Wagner, while Buelow, once a Wagnerian himself, had now put Brahms in first place. The entry, therefore, is slightly ironical: fanaticism (for Wagner) is nothing but a slowly burning flame, enthusiasm (for Brahms), on the other hand, is the blazing light."

ROBERT BREUER.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

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Strauss, Krauss and "Capriccio"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ENTERPRISES of grand magnitude, sweep, and power can and do get along without the perfection of detail essential to minor masterworks. Richard Strauss's "Capriccio" never reaches for the spaciousness of the epic, the purgations of tragedy, or the inclusiveness of a truly great work of art. But it is a minor masterpiece, and it is flawless. All those involved in recording this last of Strauss's fifteen operas for the first time evidently approached it on that level. So treated, "Capriccio" proves to be a complete, compelling success. Conductor, cast, and recording engineers under the all-seeing, all-hearing, unsleeping eyes of Walter Legge have joined to produce a superb entertainment. Those who go to it expecting what it can give, and nothing more or different, can be assured of delight.

"Capriccio" presents a long discussion about words and music, about song and opera. Its libretto, mostly the work of the late Clemens Krauss, but with unquestionably Straussian touches, was derived remotely from an eighteenth-century farce called "Prima la musica e poi le parole" (First the music and then the words). That parody by the Abbé Giovanni Battista Casti, a somewhat scurrilous satiric poet, was set to music by Antonio Salieri and presented at Schönbrunn as half of a double bill on February 7, 1786. (The other half of the bill was the *première* of Mozart's "Der Schauspieldirektor," a member of the same family.) In 1934, Stefan Zweig, who, being Jewish, no longer could collaborate with Strauss, suggested Casti's text to him. Clemens Krauss thereafter followed Strauss's suggestions in expanding the text into a serious, but always lighthearted, amusing, and literally animated discussion of the possible relationships between poetry and music, text and investiture. Very cleverly, they placed their version near Paris in about 1775, just before the first presentation of Gluck's Gallicized "Alceste," a period intensely involved in arguments about how to compose operas. The resulting "Conversation Piece for Music in One Act" was presented as "Capriccio" at Munich on October 28, 1942, with Krauss conducting, Strauss present, Frau Krauss (Viorica Ursuleac) as the Countess, and Hans Hotter as La Roche. Now we have "Capriccio" complete in Angel 3580 C/L, $15.94.

Wolfgang Sawallisch not only conducts a subtle, lively, and exquisitely inflected performance, but also—as A Servant—sings briefly in what might be called a non-conductor's voice. As the Countess, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf again shows that she is one of the most intelligent and evocative singing actresses of our time. Her performance alone is worth the price of purchase. Christa Ludwig excells in the role of the tragedienne Clairon—the great French actress whose real name was Claire-Joseph Léris, and who was famous for her roles in Voltaire's plays. As the composer Flamand, who embodies one side of the argument, Nicolai Gedda projects greater warmth and conviction than I have heard from him before; his opposite number, the poet Olivier, is magnificently created by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Hans Hotter, assigned one of the two long uninterrupted solos in the opera, brings understanding and vocal mastery to the difficult impersonation of the theatrical director La Roche. In a large cast sprinkled with familiar names, other singers require praise: Eberhard Wächter as the Count, Rudolf Christ as Monsieur Taupe, Anna Moffo and Dermot Troy as, respectively, the Italian soprano and tenor, and Karl Schmitt-Walter as the Major-domo.

"CAPRICCIO" abounds in Straussian melodies, harmony, self-quotation both deliberate and unintentional, and intellectual playfulness. I cannot imagine that listening to it without understanding its text (made easy for non-German-speakers by the clear bilingual brochure supplied with the records) would be very rewarding. Here we have not music and words, but a compound of the two. What it is helpful to know about "Capriccio" is all made available to ear and eye in the Angel package. The sonnet around which the story revolves, for example, is pointed out as a translation from Ronsard. The quotation from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," the witty suggestions of Strauss's own "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Krämerspiegel" songs, and "Daphne"—all this is indicated.

As the creation of a man of seventy-eight, "Capriccio" is an enduring wonder. Yes, it is vastly inferior to "Falstaff," the last opera of another very old man. But then, Strauss was always inferior to Verdi, and not to enjoy the mental and musical deliciousness of "Capriccio" for that reason, or because it so often recalls "Der Rosenkavalier" without meaning to—or for any other reason outside the score itself—seems to me foolish when what we have offered us is a golden minor opera perfectly conceived and executed, flawlessly performed and recorded. Complete mastery on this level has always been almost as rare as greatness.

Curtain call at the premiere of "Capriccio" in Munich, October 28, 1942 —left to right: Rudolf Hartmann, producer, Richard Strauss, Viorica Ursuleac (Countess), Clemens Krauss and Walter Höfermayer (Count).

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Recordings in Review

Superior "Winterreise"

SCHUBERT: *"Die Winterreise." Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, with Erik Werba, piano.* Westminster XWN 2228, $9.96.

THOSE WHO HAVE marked Heinz Rehfuss for attention since his participation in the Ansermet "Pelléas" of 1952 (London) will be gratified rather than surprised by the scope and intelligence of his vocal art in this fine effort. Others will discover in him a singer lacking the reclame of a Hotter or Fischer-Dieskau, but possessed of a more responsive voice than the former, and a deeper, more profound comprehension of what he sings than the latter.

If the citation of a French orientation for Rehfuss may raise suspicions about the quality of his German (though why it should when the examples of Panzéra and Bernac are recalled, I cannot say), be at rest. Rehfuss is of Swiss origin, and thus equally fluent in either tongue. It is, indeed, one of the distinctions of this splendid performance that virtually every word of the text is cleanly, clearly apparent—it is, in a true sense, a "recital" of the song cycle, with the verbal elements given thorough equality with the musical.

It is another distinction that no apologies need be made for the quality of the Rehfuss voice. There isn't a vocally ugly or acoustically unpleasant moment in the sequence of twenty-four songs, Rehfuss being capable of a sound G at the bottom of his scale (in "Irrlicht") as well as the higher range for "Die Post" or "Stürmische Morgen." If there is a single embracing observation to be made about the conception (which is shared completely by his excellent pianistic collaborator Erik Werba) it is a tendency toward leisurely tempi, from the opening "Gute Nacht" on. However, one is soon in the spell of the performance, which is pervasive and unremitting, to the exclusion of any objection to details. Indeed back-reference to the performance of Laurens Bogtman, bass, and Felix de Nobel (Epic LC 3154), admired here some months ago, shows not only a broader, more continuous flow in the tempi of Rehfuss, but a much more appealing vocal quality. The Epic cutting squeezes the whole cycle on a single disc against the two utilized by Westminster, but the return in fidelity as well as artistry well justifies the extra record and the additional cost.

Rehfuss—"in a true sense, a 'recital.'"

Glenn Gould's Other 'B'

BERG: *Sonata, opus 1;* SCHOENBERG: *Three Piano Pieces, opus 11;* KRENEK: *Sonata No. 3. Glenn Gould, piano.* Columbia ML 5336, $4.98.

THOSE WHO MIGHT have thought, from his recordings to date, that Glenn Gould's sympathies are limited to Bach and Beethoven, or Beethoven and Bach (with a side glance at Mozart and Haydn) will discover from this disc what his "live" audiences are already aware: that he is one of the most alert and sympathetic friends of the contemporary music in which he believes, and that his instincts are drawn to matters as polar to Bach and Beethoven as Berg and Schoenberg.

I, for one, am profoundly grateful that Gould has chosen to provide us with the first recording known to me of the sonata opus 1 which Berg produced in 1908. Then aged twenty-three, Berg had had four years of Schoenberg's discipline to work upon his native musicality, and the results —tender, introspective, patently expressive—foreshadow the music to come, whatever the form in which it was framed, or the means employed.

What Gould brings to Berg—intellectual comprehension and temperamental affinity, the true recreative impulse—also makes the pieces of Schoenberg's opus 11 more compelling (if not really engaging) than they have sounded in any other performance I have encountered. It remains, to me, music of monochromatic greyness, perpetually anguished and complaining; but the sense of it, certainly, is not obscure. Gould puts forth the same effort on behalf of the lengthy

Gould—"the true recreative impulse."

Krenek work (1943), which occupies side two, but the composer's effort to make his Schoenberg-derived technics suit the normally contrasting moods of a four-movement sonata (including a scherzo) do not convince.

Farrell, Wagner and "Medea"

CHERUBINI: *"Medea" (Excerpts). Eileen Farrell, soprano, with Andre Turp and Ezio Flagello, Arnold Gamson conducting.* Columbia MS 6032, $5.98. WAGNER: *"Tristan" (Prelude and Liebestod), "Götterdämmerung" ("Immolation"). Farrell, with Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony.* RCA Victor LM 2255, $4.98.

WHAT IS THERE to say, still, of Eileen Farrell which hasn't already been said in these (and other) columns? That the voice is one of the most remarkable in anybody's possession today, and not only holding its own in substance and power, but continuing to grow in richness and quality from year to year.

When it comes to the uses to which Miss Farrell puts her magnificent equipment, however, the compliments do not come so easily. Her singing of the two Wagner excerpts is certainly beautiful, but is it dramatically and emotionally convincing? Miss Farrell is of rather placid musical temperament, who cannot make such phrases as "Alles, alles" come to meaningful life. But the voice rides the orchestral tide of the "Liebestod" with a buoyant beauty that is its own justification. Munch and the orchestra also produce a more suitable sound here than in the "Götterdämmerung" excerpt, which is rather thin-stranded and over-refined.

From "Medea" Miss Farrell is heard in "Dei tuo figli" and the duet (with Giasone) "Nemici senza cor" from act I, the duet (with Creonte) "Date almen per pieta" and "Figli miei" (with Giasone) from act II, and "Del fiero

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duol" and the finale of act III. It is without question the most balanced, artistically mature singing Miss Farrell has done for records, blending a strong sense of dramatic purpose with a compelling vocalization of the music that does not put undue emphasis on beauty of line, but always has it in reserve when required. Gamson does his work well, the supporting singers are qualified if not outstanding, and the Columbia stereo is excellent.

Youthful "Emperor"

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat ("Emperor"). Eugene Istomin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* Columbia ML 5318, $4.98.

CONSIDERING THE QUALITY of interpretations to be found among the twenty-odd LPs of this challenging but durable work, some new formulation of values other than good, better, best would seem in order. It is neither practical nor productive to evaluate Istomin in terms of Backhaus, for Bachaus does not play this work as he did forty years ago, nor does Istomin play it now as he may in 1999.

But it is clear that there is a definite pattern into which the performers who play it may be grouped: Backhaus, Kempff, Rubinstein, Gieseking and Casadesus, who belong to one age category; Serkin, Solomon, Curzon, Gilels, Horowitz, and Firkusny, who comprise another; and Badura-Skoda, Jacob Lateiner, Cor de Groot, and Istomin, who round out a third. Among the latter, this version of Istomin has a balance of virtues—musical, pianistic, tonal *and* temperamental—which puts it at the head of its class, and confirms the esteem it has earned in the concert hall.

Needless to say, Istomin will play it with a bolder sweep, a more encompassing confidence as his experience with it ripens. I have some sense of an over-meticulous regard for markings and the letter of the score, where its spirit might take precedence—especially in the slow movement, where an unaccompanied passage in thirds and sixths comes out in a brittle staccato. To be sure, there are dots over the notes in each hand, but the sense of the mood at this point calls for something more vibrant, if detached, and less percussive. In any case, Istomin differs from virtually any pianist I can recall in his preference here, which would suggest something amiss.

The orchestral performance is wholly complementary to the solo conception, and warmly, soundly reproduced.

Six on Tchaikovsky's No. 6

VIRTUALLY EVERY possible combination of conductorial and orchestral inclination is represented in a collection of six "Pathétiques" that have been accumulating for several months, and should resolve the issue for some time to come: celebrated conductors with celebrated orchestras (Fritz Reiner and his Chicago Symphony on RCA Victor No. LM 2216, $4.98; Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony on RCA LSC 1901, $5.98); two well-known orchestras with lesser-known conductors (Constantin Silvestri and the Philharmonia on Angel C35487, $5.98; Jean Martinon and the Vienna Philharmonic on London CS 6052, $4.98); a well-known conductor with a little-known orchestra (Alfred Wallenstein and an English group called the Virtuoso by its sponsors on Audio Fidelity FCS 50002, $6.95); and the rising Kempe with, again, the Philharmonia (Capitol G 7128, $4.98).

First temptation was to put the two versions by American orchestras and their naturalized conductors in a category apart from the others, at the cost of being called chauvinistic or worse. For there are dimensions of size and character in the work itself that require a treatment adding to neither more nor less than what it appears to be. From their vantage points of decades on the podium, Reiner and Monteux know the excesses to be avoided, as well as the deficiencies to be made good.

But then the Silvestri version came to attention, and a new factor was intruded. That is a particularly Slavic point of view which involves the listener more deeply with the emotional communication of the work than either Reiner or Monteux succeed in doing. Reiner's is beautifully measured, balanced in its treatment of the two end movements on either side of the faster ones between. Monteux's is more impulsive, slightly warmer in tonal temperature, with a loving sense of affection for its work apparent at every turn. It is also purveyed in a glossy-sounding stereo, which does especially well by the Boston strings. Were all of Silvestri's effort on the level of his superb final movement and the excellent march that precedes it, one would be tempted to put it beside the memorable accomplishments of Toscanini and Furtwaengler with this score. But his waltz is mournful rather than merely melancholy, the first movement marked by some oddities of tempo akin to the rousing but unpredictable Tchaikovsky No. 4 (*SR* Sept. 27).

Istomin—"a balance of virtues."

THE other three versions range downward in interest, with Wallenstein's nervously energetic, sometimes over-agitated performance marking the entry of Audio Fidelity into a field with more definitive standards than associated with its "Brave Bulls" and "Dukes of Dixieland." An English orchestra of high individual elements and excellent ensemble traits has been organized, and a lofty statement of claims issued to alert the listener not to venture into this Nirvana of hifistereo without a specified, high-quality arm and cartridge.

I have available two of the arms and pickups certified as suitable (Fairchild and Scott), but neither could track the groove cut for the quantity of sound in the march movement without skipping. On investigation of other Audio Fidelity discs (see page 54), this would seem related to pressing techniques rather than anything else, but if the prospective buyer can't hear them in a shop (and how many have the components available for demonstration purposes?) how does he know what he's getting?

In the others, Martinon veers to extremes of volatility and sentiment in a collaboration with the Vienna Philharmonic which results in too much of its thick, voluptuous sound for this score, and Kempe imposes a meticulous, rather lightweight conception on the Philharmonia which shows its adaptability in serving him or Silvestri equally well, but Tchaikovsky better in the latter's conception.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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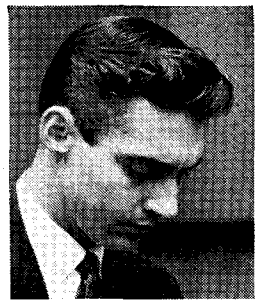
Laurindo Almeida

Sir Thomas Beecham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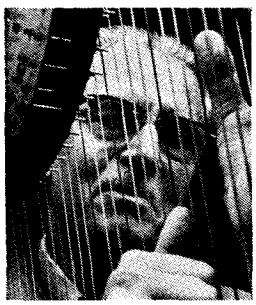
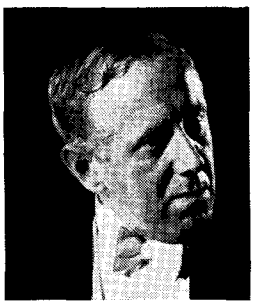

Marcel Grandjany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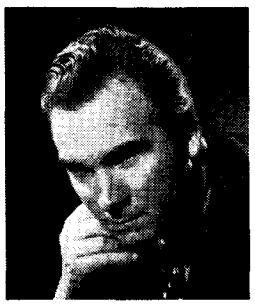
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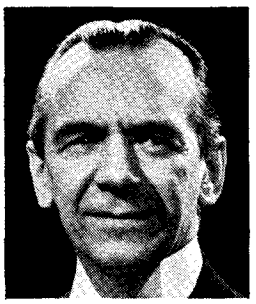
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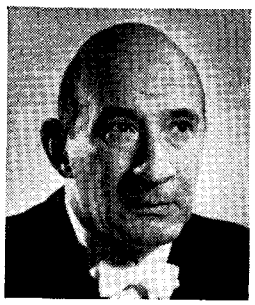
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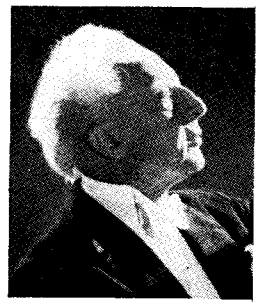
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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Berlioz: "Symphonie Fantastique." Louis Fourestier conducting. Omega 6-150, $5.95. René Leibowitz conducting. Westminster WST 14046, $5.98.	Two performances of unusually able quality, both Fourestier and Leibowitz showing a thorough familiarity with the score and the technical resources to accomplish the desired ends. However, there are factors in each which work against outstanding results: in the Westminster it is the playing of the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, which lacks the wind soloists of the real quality desired, and in the Omega (which boasts a band of "Cento Soli" based in Paris), a processing which results in a pitch half a tone higher than written (or played). Omega's stereo is highly creditable to its name, as is Westminster's also.
Bizet: "Carmen" suite, Ravel: "Bolero." Alfred Wallenstein conducting. Audio Fidelity FCS 50005, $6.95.	The outstanding orchestra (dubbed "Virtuoso") is made up of musicians gathered from various London orchestras, and they do brilliantly by the two scores, especially in the woodwind and brass solo passages. Wallenstein's treatment in both cases is methodical, well-informed and musically straightforward, the deficiencies related to refinement of detail, acuteness of accent which, perhaps, cannot be attained with a pickup orchestra. Audio Fidelity's stereo is excellent in solo passages, geared to a higher output than most, and thus tending to blur and grind in fully-scored pages. Tracking difficulties here (see page 51) relate to pops in the surface.
Falla: "El Retablo de Maese Pedro," Concerto for Harpsichord. Ataulfo Argenta conducting. London CS 6028, $4.98.	As previously reported (*SR*, May 31) both performances are creditable to the late Argenta's repute, with especial pleasure in the seldom-performed "Master Peter's Puppet Show." (Julita Bermejo, Raimundo Torres and Carlo Munguia are the vocalists.) It also fares better in stereo, the concerto tending to jangle in the combination of harpsichord (Robert Veyron-Lacroix) with flute, oboe, clarinet, violin and cello.
Gluck: Lento ("Iphigenie in Aulis"), Musette and Sicilienne ("Armide"), Bach: "Mein Jesu, was für Seelenweh," etc. Leopold Stokowski conducting a string orchestra. Capitol SP 8415, $5.98.	This is, to begin with, a supremely showy collection of string orchestra performances, produced with a high sense of effect and dynamic contrast. But it is also an index to the extreme sensitivity of which Stokowski is capable (in the Gluck morceaux particularly) the realization of mood, in the Rachmaninoff "Vocalise," which drains every dreg of romantic yearning from it. However, the Bach E major prelude (best known from the violin sonata) is over-produced, the middle part of the nocturne from Borodin's D major quartet oddly phrased. Also, I suspect, some of the dynamics are *ex post facto*. Honeyed sound in the stereo.
Massenet: "Last Sleep of the Virgin," Berlioz: Overture and March ("Trojans at Carthage"), Sibelius: "Tempest" music and March ("Karelia"), Rimsky: March ("Coq d'Or"). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic. Columbia ML 5321, $4.98.	Most of these have been available in earlier versions by Beecham, which doesn't lessen in the least the pleasure of hearing them in their present formulations, more beautiful in sound than previously and touched with that same kind of expressivity which this musician commands in matters small as well as large. Even the virginal sleep (surrounded, one suspects, by veils of candied sugar as projected by Massenet) becomes an artistic feat in the breadth and suavity of its string statement. This possibly, should have been included in the other Beecham collection entitled "Lollipops," but by whatever name, the stamp of quality is consistent.
Prokofiev: "Peter and the Wolf." Haydn: "Toy Symphony." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Peter Ustinov narrator. Angel 35638, $4.98.	Despite the participation of Ustinov (whose accolade as dramatic star is now assured by this assignment), this is perhaps the dullest, dreariest "Peter" on record, owing to the lethargic tempi and inexplicable overemphasis indulged by Karajan (it actually runs over to a second side!). Conversely, the "Haydn" is all deftness and spirit.
Schubert: Symphony in C (No. 9). Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CS 6061, $4.98. Ataulfo Argenta conducting. Omega OSL-12, $5.95.	For devotees of the late Argenta, this disc will qualify as a curio if not a choice addition to his literature, for the qualities of breadth, proportion and insight demanded of a proper interpreter of Schubert's greatest work were not his when he died at the age of forty-four. Krips, of course, has shown himself to be possessed of many such attributes in earlier efforts, and this one is marked by numerous beauties if not the ultimate power in the finale. The "spread" of sound in stereo is well proportioned.
Strauss: "Also sprach Zarathustra." Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 79999, $5.98.	The first stereo "Zarathustra" should be an aural event of some magnitude, but we have become so accustomed to mechanical marvels as to take this one in stride. Or it may be that what Böhm finds to exploit in this score does not add measurably to what has already been so well done by Krauss and Reiner. In any case, one is impressed more by the precision and teamwork of the orchestra (especially its strings) than by any insights provided by Böhm. Big sound.
Strauss: "Don Quixote." Lorne Monroe, cello, and Harry Zaratzian, viola, with the Philadelphia Orchestra directed by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 5292, $4.98.	The opening measures of this work, with Ormandy's surehanded grip of the appropriate manner and William Kincaid's distinctively breathy treatment of the flute figure, brings to mind one of the great performances ever, in which they took part with the late Emanuel Feuermann. However, what follows (without taxing the very able and still youthful Monroe with that standard) is much less articulate of the values in the score. Neither he nor Zaratzian communicate much that is strongly personal, nor, in fact, the instrumental command to match the high pressure performance of the orchestra. Sumptuous sound throughout.
Stravinsky: Concerto, "Capriccio." Nikita Magaloff, piano, with Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestra de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6035, $4.98.	The two channel version of this previously issued pairing makes a real contribution to appreciation of the values in the two works, defining some elements of texture and compositional purpose which had not been so clear previously. This is especially true of the "Concerto" (with orchestra reverting to the "wind band" of the seventeenth century, plus bass and percussion) in which the meticulous care of Ansermet in pursuing contrapuntal lines and dynamic values makes an absorbing experience in sonority and blend. Magaloff is finely suited to the technical and musical requirements, even amending his tonal production for the "Capriccio."
Stravinsky: "Ebony" concerto, Symphony in three movements. Woody Herman and his orchestra, Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the London Symphony. Everest SDBR 3009, $5.98.	An excellent "double" for Everest, both works lacking recording of contemporary quality, and neither available before in stereo, of course. Herman gets considerable music from the score, which has a plangent character very much in keeping with the instruments utilized, though scant succession of "jazz" as such. The rhythmic impulse of the symphony is well conveyed by Goossens, and the recording is excellent. Some may question the arrangement by which the "Concerto" precedes the symphony, which begins in mid-disc. —I.K.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 27

pers' distressing ignorance of what this score is all about. Letting down in choral passages, speeding up in orchestral, pushing volume at the expense of detail—these are offenses for the provinces, not the capital.

ACCORDING to a note in the program provided with "Les Ballets Africains," currently at the Martin Beck Theatre, the group began its non-African career in Paris in 1952, reappearing every year since (excepting 1954): they have been "acclaimed" at the Holland, Edinburgh and Venice Festival, and have toured the world from Rumania to Uruguay. That, to me, seems about the best summation of this show that could be provided: it has been so thoroughly routined, not to say refined, that it has more relation to a swift-moving revue in a fashionable supper club than it has to a glimpse of ethnic authenticity.

As has become familiar from troupes of other sorts from India and Indonesia, there are rituals of life and death, agriculture and nature, tied into a small compact bundle, each separated from the other by musical performance on a native instrument.

To be sure there is endless bodily activity by a troupe both agile and ingratiating, but there were only rare moments when it seemed that they were dancing with more than arms and legs. Some of these came in the "Fire Dance" that concluded the first half in which the ritual for a warrior's death was illuminated by flame swallowing and the semi-nude female mourners departed from the strict decorum that had applied elsewhere. Unquestionably, there are the human elements in this company to make for an exciting dance spectacle, were they to be turned loose on their own, allowed to improvise or just be themselves. But artificiality was more conspicuous than either art or nature.

Among the principal performers were a Josephine Bakerish looking miss named Issa Niang, a long-legged agile man named Diely Bakar Sissoko, and a strong-voiced singer identified as Kandia, who sometimes performed to the accompaniment of a guitar-type instrument called the cora. Occasionally, the dancers slipped into some gyrations suggestive of an impromptu jam session, but they were always restored to approximate order before anything really interesting occurred. If this, too, is part of the white man's influence on Africa, he has even more to answer for than is commonly believed. —Irving Kolodin.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Cantatas No. 89 ("Was soll ich aus dir machen"), No. 174 ("Ich liebe den Höchsten"), and No. 189 ("Meine Seele rühmt"). Helmut Krebs, tenor, Anne Munch, mezzo, Antonia Fahberg, soprano, and Herbert Brauer, bass, with Kurt Redel conducting. Westminster XWN 18755, $4.98.	The high standard of execution throughout makes all of these works rewarding listening, even though No. 189 is acknowledged to be not by Bach at all, but in the "contemporary" style, which gives us much of his manner but very little of his matter. Of the other two, No. 174 is especially interesting for the appearance, as prefacing *sinfonia*, of the first movement of the Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, rescored to include two horns and three oboes. It is given with appropriate gusto by Redel, whose Pro Arte of Munich performs in a manner to justify its promissory name. The vocal soloists, in addition to the well-known Krebs, are either competent or better, with Brauer calling special attention to himself with a weighty bass voice.
Beethoven: Bagatelles (opus 33, 119 and 126). Denis Matthews, piano. Vanguard VSD 2018, $5.95. Variations F major (op. 34), E flat (op. 35) and C minor. The same. VSD 2017, $5.95.	As those acquainted with his previous discs are aware, Matthews has a cultivated sense of piano sound, a refinement of musicianship, and a lyric gift which are well suited for the intimate scale of the bagatelles and their confidences. He also has the architectural sense to give the E flat variations (using the same bass theme later expanded by Beethoven into the finale of the "Eroica") point and continuity, though not quite the dramatic flair to make the C minor set absorbing. The curiously lighter vein of the F major variations provides an interesting insight into what Beethoven was like when he was not the Beethoven familiar from his greater works. The recording profits from well-calculated use of stereo techniques.
Brahms: Quartets in G (opus 25) and C minor (opus 60). Joerg Demus, piano, with members of the Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN 18773, 18774, $4.98 each.	The qualities of awareness and sensitivity which have made Demus a successful participant in some excellent lieder recordings with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau are predisposing towards quality results in these works. However, neither he nor Walter Barylli, who heads the string group, has the kind of leadership impulse to give these works the rudder-power they require. Thus, what might have amounted to a distinguished result can only be rated as competent, for lack of a compulsion to match the composer's. Very well-balanced sound.
Chopin: Nocturne in B flat (opus 9), Bartok: Roumanian Dances, Liszt: Rhapsody No. 15, etc. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 710000, $5.98.	Miss Slenczynska has all the finger facility required to deal equally with this music, but it all tends to come out sounding the same, whether it is Chopin, Bartok, Liszt, or Bach ("Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue"), Mendelssohn (Andante and Rondo Capriccioso) or Debussy ("Maid with the Flaxen Hair"). When she does rise to an interpretative challenge it is likely to be in terms of such emotion as the vividly colored C sharp minor prelude of Rachmaninoff, or the singing line of Schumann's "Widmung" as arranged by Liszt.
Haydn: Sonatas No. 34, 48 and 52, Fantasia in C, Andante con variazioni in F minor. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London CS 6060, $4.98.	The kind of authority Backhaus brings to Haydn stiffens the spine of some otherwise amorphous keyboard writing but with all of his conviction in what he is doing, it is hard to believe that the composer comprehended the kind of dynamic attack and tonal gradations here provided. The suggestion that late Haydn may be equated with early Beethoven is reasonable, but not that it can absorb the weight of manner appropriate for the "Appassionata." The lively Fantasia and the plaintive variations respond best to the prevailing treatment.
Moore: "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Armando Aliberti conducting, with Lawrence Winters, Doris Young, Frederick Weidner, etc. Westminster WST 14050, $5.98.	Rehearing of this performance (previously reviewed in *SR*, April 26) in the enhancing detail of stereo makes for an upward revision of esteem for it, and a continuing appreciation of the successful way in which Moore has solved the problems of a distinctly challenging text. The Daniel Webster of Winters also gains with extended acquaintance, especially his clear enunciation of the text. This is a real addition to the shelf of worthwhile American works.
Mozart: Sonata in C (K. 545), Haydn: Sonata in D (No. 37), Handel: "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations, Haieff: "Three Bagatelles," etc. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Decca DL 710001, $5.98.	Stereo contributes no appreciable improvement of sound in the instrument utilized, while tending to increase the already undesirable amount of noise content in the harpsichord and its manipulation. Miss Marlowe's performance of the two sonatas (the Mozart is the "Raymond Scott" or "Eighteenth Century Drawing Room") is typically level-headed, musically, but also somewhat heavy-handed, instrumentally. Indeed, I can hear little of real fantasy or imagination in her playing of Couperin ("Les Barricades Mysterieuses" or "Le Tic-Toc-Choc") or two pieces of Rameau. Her best results come in MacPhee's "Lagu Délem" and the lively Haieff "Bagatelles."
Puccini: "Signore, ascolta" and "Tu che di gel sei cinta" ("Turandot"), Verdi: "Ah fors è lui" ("Traviata"), Donizetti: "Ardon gl'incensi" ("Lucia"), Rossini: "Una voce poco fa" ("Il Barbiere"), etc. Renata Scotto, soprano, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by M. Wolf-Ferrari. Angel 35635, $4.98.	To judge from the list of contents in her collection (which also includes "Un bel di" and Boïto's "L'altra notte in fondo al mare" ("Mefistofele"), young Miss Scotto (just twenty-five) admits few limitations in the realm of the lyric soprano. She has an interesting vocal personality, but rather insufficient command, technically, for all she undertakes here. Aside from pleasantly performed versions of the "Turandot" airs and "O mio babbino caro" (from "Gianni Schicchi"), Miss Scotto shows the most security in the "Mad Scene," which is strongly rather than brilliantly sung. The voice is rather light for Violetta's scene, and the depth of emotion (as conveyed by vocal coloration) in the "Mefistofele" excerpt is not yet suitable for Margherita. Sound work by conductor Wolf-Ferrari; at times, the microphoning seems designed to build up the voice.
Schubert: "Wanderer an den Mond," "Über Wildemann," "Der Einsame," "Auflösung," "Der Kreuzzug," "Totengräbers Heimweh," "Nachtviolen," "Im Abendroth," etc. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35624, $4.98.	Fischer-Dieskau pursues the way of his even baritone in this further collection of Schubert songs, but in a rather too placid way to sustain interest through the sequence. The care with which his repertory is prepared often sounds like deep sensitivity, but it is more akin to refinement than to insight. He makes his best effect here in such lesser known songs as "Totengräbers Heimweh" and "Nachtviolen" rather than in the much-sung "Der Einsame" and "Auflösung." Also included are "Geheimes," "Liebesbotschaft" and "Abschied": the last-named is a pale echo of the eloquent thing made of it by Richard Tauber. Moore presides at the piano with customary wisdom and tact.
Schubert: Sonata in A minor, opus 42. Impromptus (opus 90, No. 2, opus 142, No. 2). Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Monitor MC 2027, $4.98.	Accomplished performers of Schubert's piano music are a rarity at any time, and Richter qualifies as one of the most resourceful. This gives him a special place among Soviet pianists known to us, and intensifies the wish that he might appear here in person. The playing of the two "Impromptus" is not quite as successful as the performance of the sonata, but worth hearing nevertheless. Reasonably good piano sound.
Shostakovitch: Quartets Nos. 2 and 3. Played by the Beethoven and Tchaikovsky Quartets. Vanguard VRS 6033, $4.98.	Those who cling to the conviction that there is a core of musical greatness in Shostakovitch despite the trivia (at whatever length) that has accumulated in his name lately will find nourishment in this disc, especially the portion devoted to quartet No. 2, of 1944. This is thoughtful, always artistically controlled writing, with a slow movement of strongly emotional sentiment. It is played with high artistry by the Beethoven quartet, in a recording that requires no apology. The quartet No. 3, lighter in tone, is also a work of quality. —I.K.

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"Wozzeck"

Continued from page 45

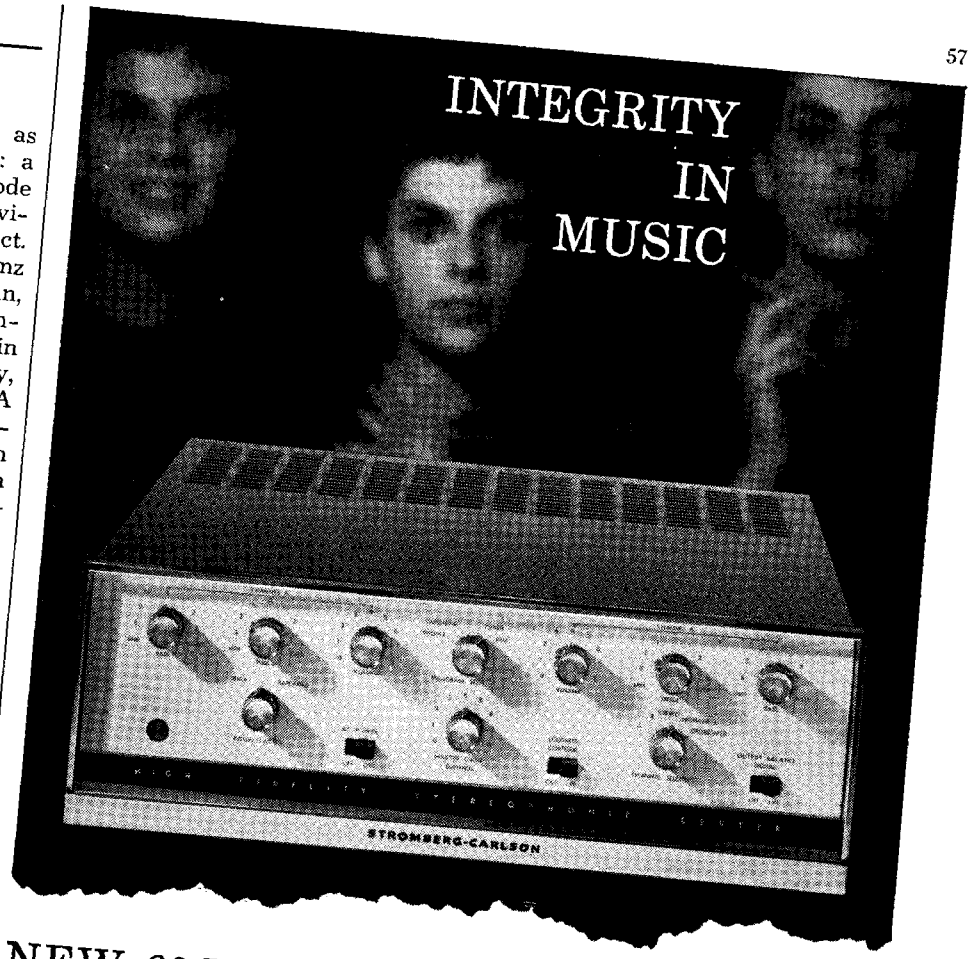
derivative. "Wozzeck" strikes me as very much the same kind of case: a dramatic work embodied in a mode of expression ideally, indeed, inevitably, suited to one particular subject.

That subject, of course, is Franz Wozzeck himself, a kind of Anyman, as distinguished from the older-fashioned Everyman (resulting not in anything to be called a Morality play, but rather an Unmorality play). A hopeless underling (orderly to a foppish Captain) he states his position clearly in Scene I—when the Captain reproaches him for lack of "morals"—with the reply: "If I were a gentleman and had a watch and a hat and could speak properly I would be virtuous, all right, but our kind is unlucky in this world and the next. No doubt if we got to heaven we would have to lend a hand with the thunder!"

To earn a few extra coins to support the child he has had with his Marie, he puts himself at the disposal of a doctor, who finds him interesting because of his aberrations, but otherwise laughs at him. Marie contracts a romance with a strutting Drum Major, and when Wozzeck reproaches her with threats of punishment, she rebuffs him by saying: "Better a knife in me than a hand on me." From his confusion, despair and misery, he eventually answers her scorn *with* a knife, and in a panic of shame and guilt for her murder, drowns in the lake where he had thrown the knife. At the end, as his playmates tell him "Your mother is dead," their child plays on with a hobby horse—"Hopp hopp . . . hopp"—too young to realize, perhaps, that he is another Wozzeck in the making.

What emerges from this remarkably contemporary concept is the feeling that "Wozzeck" is far from the worst of the lot. A perennial "victim," he is the lowest integer in his Society, with all the weight of scorn and contempt upon him, to which he reacts in most respects docilely, until goaded beyond endurance. What he kills, in a final irony, are the two things which mean the most to him—Marie and himself.

To put us in some attitude of identification with this grisly tale, to rouse compassion rather than revulsion, to remind us subtly that the "best" may be the worst, and human sensitivity is not a by-product of education or social advantage, is clearly an accomplishment beyond question of means or aesthetics. It is a feat of sheer musical poetics, in which Berg has had no superior in our time.



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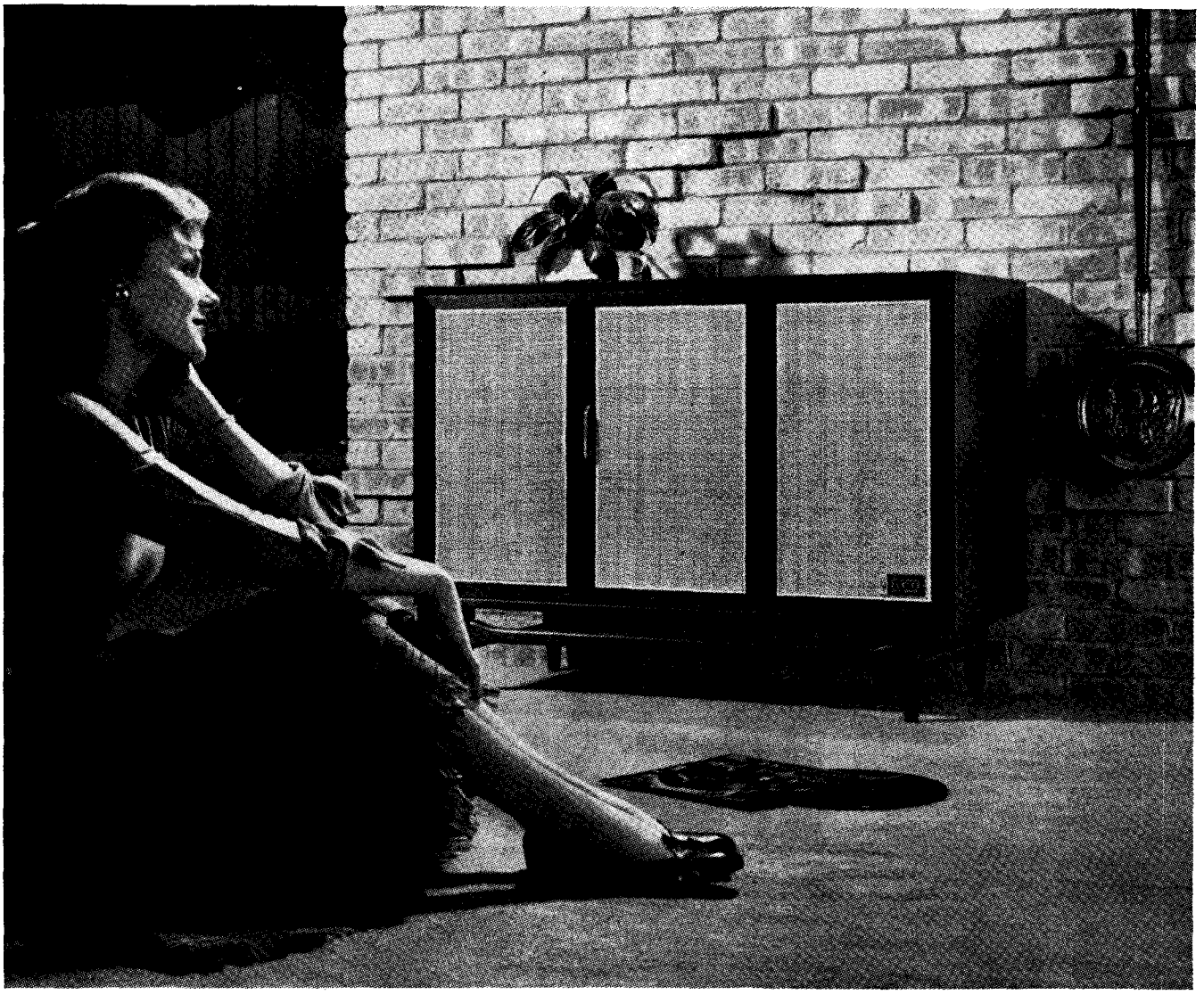

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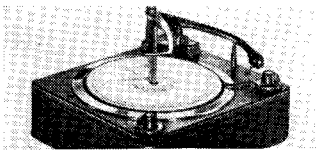

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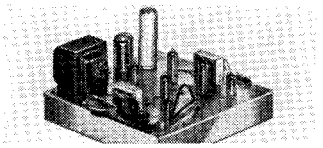

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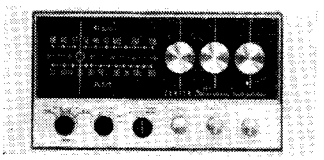

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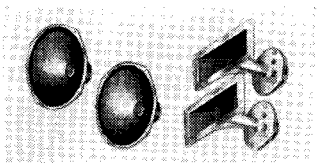

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Chopin, Major and Minor

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE word "virtuoso" has been too readily linked with Emil Gilels's name. He is more than that. A pure virtuoso is not one who has the greatest technique but rather one who constantly emphasizes its powers. Gilels, especially in the last decade, must be admired for other qualities as well. His pianism has changed. Not that the change has been only for the better. As an artist, he has matured, but not to the point where he can afford to give up his astonishing bravura-pieces.

Some better aspects of this transmutation may be recognized in his rendition of the Chopin Second Sonata (Colosseum, CRLP 256, $3.98): the phrasing for its continuity, and the cantilena for its legato touch (First movement). His dynamic rhythm is never restless, his vital forte rarely hard (Scherzo). His electrifying fingers skilfully coöperate with the pedal in a successful effort to "defrost" the rigid triplets (Finale). Also included are the Ballade No. 1 and the Polonaise Opus 53.

The Bulgarian pianist Bukoff presenting Scherzos, Fantasia, and the first complete set of the sixteen Polonaises, some never introduced before (Westminster, XWN 18779-80), raises the question of the artistic value of the unfamiliar Polonaises. Despite this question, one must grant them prime historical interest. Chopin's Polonaises figure among his earliest and final works. Covering thirty years of composition, they alone permit us to follow the intriguing process of Chopin's creative evolution.

CURIOUSLY, the most popular opuses are not Bukoff's most successful readings. A salient attribute of his solid pianism—the fortissimo—often sounds too aggressive, not to say brutal. A climax, for instance, only gains its full impact when neighboring sections are rendered less intensively. In the third Polonaise, Bukoff shortens the trill in m. 41, 43, and especially 45, robbing their three-quarter value of an eighth, an error which he shares with luminaries like Godowsky, Leginska, Rubinstein, Solomon, Gilels, or with Kentner, Sheyne, and others. Indeed only three men have rendered these measures in their proper timing: Hofmann, Paderewski and . . . Liberace. In Polonaise No. 6, m. 98, Bukoff misreads F double sharp for plain F sharp (last chord in right hand). Both notes sound correct but only one is. Considerably impressive is Bukoff's reading of the 4th and 8th Polonaise. But it is with the 14th that Bukoff fully reveals his best qualities. Here we may recognize a truly sensitive, vital and precise performer.

On a new Westminster (XWN 18811) Badura-Skoda offers twenty-four Chopin Etudes, available also with Arrau, Brailowsky, Goldsand, Novaes, Slenczynska, Uninsky and Anda (Op. 25, so far). The beautiful and dangerous "24" confront every pianist with manifold problems, which technique alone cannot solve. Those few pianists who did succeed in surmounting the heavy technical barriers (with or without scissors), have lost the noble content of the Etudes in literal, colorless readings. Others, understanding Chopin's artistic message, lack the technical equipment to deliver it intact.

IT IS therefore not surprising to find the Skoda version uneven. His rubato loses its natural line; the hands fail to strike simultaneously (Op. 10, No. 6; Op. 25, No. 5, piú lento). Both monumental C minors (Op. 10 and 25) radiate physical strength rather than dramatic insight (recall the Friedman version). Skoda's pedal is misused in Op. 10 No. 10 and the uncertain left hand comes through blurred. More foggy still, or if you prefer—impressionistic—is his reading of Op. 25 No. 1. Perhaps here Skoda attempted to follow the composer's personal interpretation in which—as reported by Schumann—Chopin did not "allow us to hear every one of its small notes." Skoda might follow, to better advantage, Chopin's discreet recipe for pedal which "treated delicately . . . like a mistress . . . will perform all sorts of miracles."

Nonetheless, Skoda offers some rewarding moments: his admirable cantilena, Op. 25 No. 7; the harmonious balance and sound, Op. 10 No. 7; the effortless fluency "in thirds," Op. 25 No. 6; the fresh vitality, No. 11 and No. 10; and his impressive octaves. Finally, and most convincing in every respect, is Skoda's reading of Op. 25 No. 4, a version that alone invites the album to take its place on the collector's shelf.

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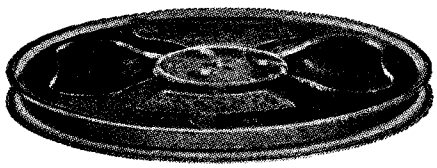

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THE OTHER SIDE

GLYNDEBOURNE, JURINAC AND CHARLES CRAIG

LONDON.

THOUGHTS of warm summer evenings, of picnic suppers on Glyndebourne's hospitable lawns between acts of festive operatic fare —these may seem singularly out of place on a cold and foggy February morn. Yet we cannot escape them lest we miss the boat, because booking for Glyndebourne has become a complicated and protracted ritual in recent years, as more and more music lovers have succumbed to its spell and now look upon an annual visit or two as a "necessary luxury." Today, membership of the Festival Society is a much-sought-after privilege (there is a long waiting list of would-be members), for it enables you to book seats ahead of the general public while the latter keeps its fingers crossed in the hope that there will be a few tickets left in March, when the box office is open to all comers.

Until members receive their programs and application forms—toward the end of January—details of the season's repertoire and the names of the participating artists are guarded like military secrets, though we knew already that this year's festival would mark Glyndebourne's Silver Jubilee, and Carl Ebert's retirement as artistic director, by being the longest on record. Twenty-five years ago, when Mr. John Christie embarked upon what was generally held to be a crazy venture, the season lasted for all of two weeks, performances alternating between "Nozze di Figaro" and "Così Fan Tutte." By 1938 the schedule had grown to seven weeks, and the hitherto exclusively Mozartean diet had been broadened to include "Macbeth" and "Don Pasquale"; this year the main festival will last from May 28th to August 16th (to be followed by a short Handel season, with Sir Thomas Beecham among the participants) and the works to be performed comprise the original Mozartean pair, two outstanding postwar successes in "Idomeneo" and "La Cenerentola," and two works not previously seen on the Sussex Downs: "Fidelio" and "Der Rosenkavalier." Strauss's masterpiece will be Ebert's farewell gift as a producer to the Glyndebourne public, and the fact that Günther Rennert is due to stage "Fidelio" has caused some speculation concerning the possibility that he may be Ebert's successor-designate as artistic director.

However this may be, it is certain that the coming season will be both a summing up of the past and a portent for the future, though the former aspect will surely be uppermost in all our minds for, without Carl Ebert, Glyndebourne can never again be the same. Scanning the long and impressive list of singers due to appear this summer, we searched in vain for the name of Sena Jurinac, who, having won for herself a unique place in the affections of Glyndebourne's postwar public, had been widely expected to return after an absence of two years.

Alas, it was not to be but, by way of partial recompense, Miss Jurinac's English admirers have lately had the opportunity of seeing her at Covent Garden in the unfamiliar rôle of Cio-Cio-San. Coming a little late for the Puccini Centenary, this revival of "Madama Butterfly" at the Royal Opera House nevertheless proved to be a great occasion; not only was it the first time that the lovely Yugoslav soprano had appeared there in a major role, but it also marked the Covent Garden debut of two highly promising British artists: tenor Charles Craig and conductor Bryan Balkwill.

FOR cockney-born Craig, his deserved triumph as Pinkerton—a most stylish performance, full of warm, effortless and astonishingly Italianate sound—was the culminating chapter in a fairy-tale rise to fame: eight years ago Beecham had picked him out of the Covent Garden Chorus and was so impressed by his potentialities that he decided to give him a generous allowance so that the young tenor might receive the best possible training. Craig subsequently sang under Sir Thomas's baton on several occasions and lately had been appearing at Sadler's Wells and with the Carl Rosa company, but it was on January 13th, when the former chorister returned to Covent Garden as primo tenore, that Sir Thomas's hunch was finally vindicated.

As far as stereo is concerned, the scene has changed little since I last reported progress. Decca continues to forge ahead; seemingly undeterred by the delayed appearance of most of its January issues, a February list has been announced and produced on time. This includes the Kleiber-directed set of "Figaro," vintage 1954, which is astonishingly good in view of its age, though the results do show that Decca's engineers have learned a good deal about microphone technique

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since this performance was taped. Here the sound is apt to recede between the two speakers, and the position of the characters on the "stage" is not always clearly defined—as witness the slightly hilarious moment in the last act when Susanna slaps her husband's face at a distance of fully six paces! Nevertheless the sound as such is generally superior than on some up-to-date EMI sets like the Callas-Gobbi "Barbiere." Other operatic sets due for early release are Boïto's "Mefistofele" and Wagner's "Rheingold"—of the latter I have already heard glowing reports. While eagerly awaiting this first-ever recording of the "Ring" Vorabend, Wagnerians can console themselves with an impressive pair of "concerts": George London's praiseworthy presentation of great baritone scenes from "The Flying Dutchman," "Meistersinger" and "Walküre," in which he receives fine support from the Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch, and DGG's selection of choral excerpts from half a dozen works, excitingly performed by the Bayreuth Festival Chorus and Orchestra under chorus master Wilhelm Pitz.

DECCA's orchestral discs—a magnificent sounding bunch—include another sure-fire winner from Geneva in Ansermet's two-disc presentation of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" ballet. When Ansermet was recently awarded the "News Chronicle's" gold medal for 1958—his new version of "Le Sacre du Printemps" having been voted the year's best classical disc—he paid a glowing tribute to Decca's engineers and to their "boss," Arthur Haddy, for the immense skill and devotion which they bring to the task of producing fine records. This "Casse-Noisette" marks yet another chapter in one of the most fruitful collaborations the gramophone has known, and I imagine that, henceforth, few collectors of Tchaikovsky are likely to remain content with the familiar suite. Scarcely less impressive are two concerto discs by the talented Julius Katchen, who plays the Liszt pair with the London Philharmonic under Argenta and can also be heard, associated with Solti and the London Symphony, in Rachmaninov's No. 2 (with Balakirev's "Islamey" as fill up for the second side). Kempff contributes another Chopin recital that includes the Impromptus, the Barcarolle and the Berceuse, while on the allied Oiseau-Lyre label we are offered the Philomusica performances of the Brandenburg Concertos (sensibly recoupled on two discs) nicely spread out before our ears.

The RCA stereo issues include Beethoven's 4th Concerto (Rubinstein), a

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Teodoro Celli—The Saturday Review

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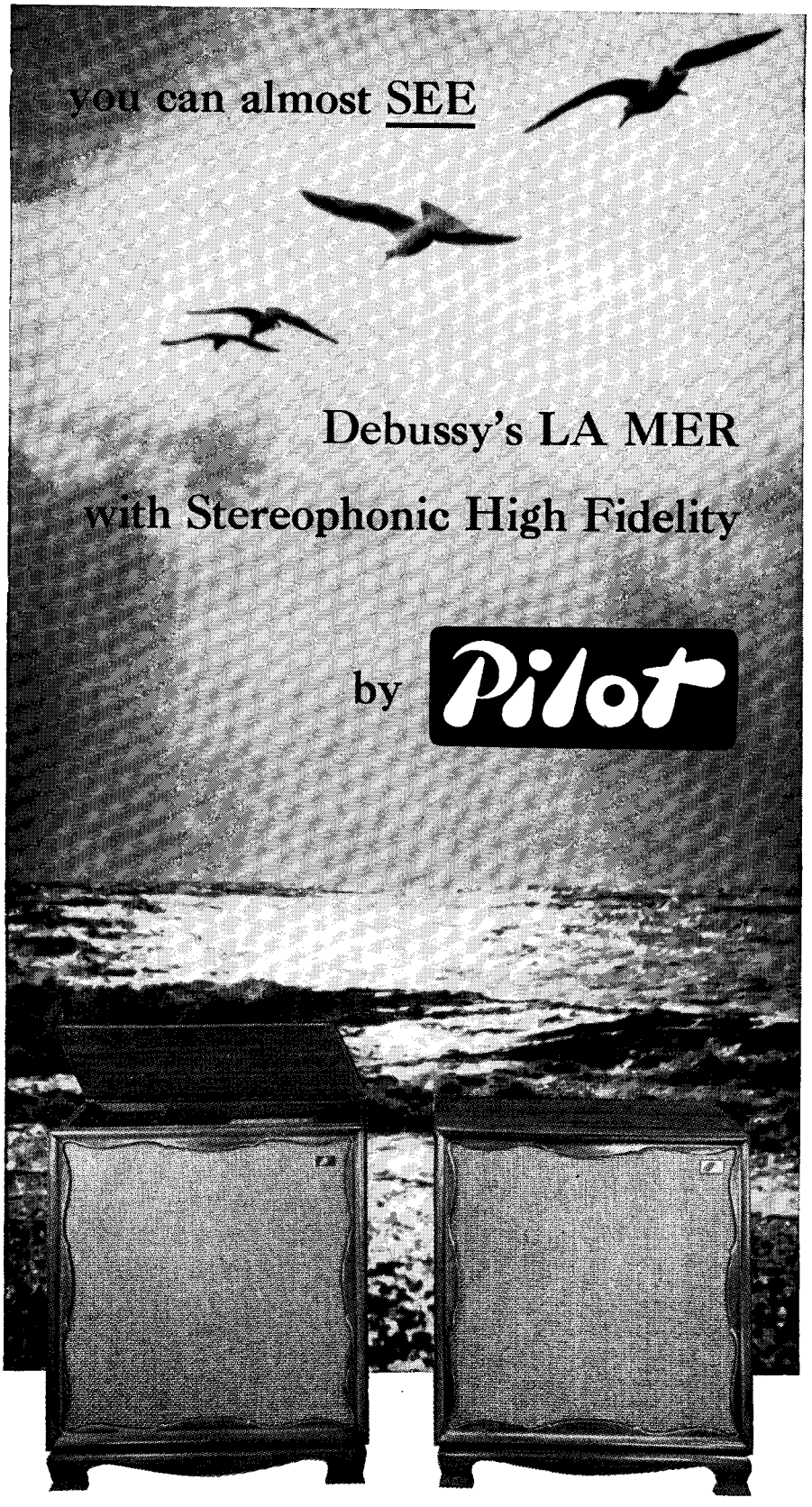

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Ravel/Debussy program by Munch and the Boston Symphony, music from "Giselle" (Albert Wolff) and a new "Cavalleria Rusticana" (still to be heard), with Bjoerling as Turiddu, as well as a nocturnal assortment entitled "Witches Brew." The last of these marks the recording debut of a recent RCA acquisition, the young Scottish conductor Alexander Gibson, who has recently resigned his position as musical director of Sadler's Wells Opera in order to assume the conductorship of the Scottish Orchestra—the first "native-born" musician to be so honored for many years. This superbly recorded disc features the New Symphony Orchestra and, besides such obvious ingredients as "Danse Macabre" and "Night on the Bare Mountain," the brew is flavoured with a "wee drop o' Scotch": Malcolm Arnold's wittily grisly overture, "Tam O'Shanter," with its ingenious orchestral imitation of massed bagpipes.

APART from the Wagner disc already referred to, the latest DGG stereo importations include Fricsay's account of the Ninth Symphony: an impressive, if not wholly convincing reading whose greatest moments are due to Fischer-Dieskau. The distinguished baritone brings immense authority and a sense of exhilaration, as well as superb breath control, to his singing of the recitative and the first stanza of the Ode; the other soloists, alas, are no more than adequate. Orchestra and solo voices are beautifully recorded, but the choral sound is decorous rather than all embracing.

EMI's stereo list, as usual, is brief and late in appearing, but to those not yet equipped with two channels the group offers an interesting selection of mono issues. Mercury is now added to the list of labels owing allegiance to Hayes—its first contribution under the new regime bears a familiar aspect, with Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony contributing a two-disc set of "Coppelia," as well as music by Gershwin and Copland, while a rather less significant level of American musical art is represented by Leroy Anderson and Ferde Grofé (whose works are played by the Eastman-Rochester Symphony under Howard Hanson).

Columbia has secured the British rights of Callas's already celebrated set of "Medea," a magnificent achievemen beside which even fine discs such as Giulini's Franck Symphony, the same conductor's collaboration with Janos Starker in the A minor 'Cello Concertos of Schumann and Saint-Saëns, and Schwarzkopf's gaily sentimental concert of Viennese operetta favourites seem pale.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Henze's "Undine," or Tonality Rediscovered

By EVERETT HELM

MUNICH.

AFTER its world premiere in London's Covent Garden Opera House last October, Hans Werner Henze's new three-act ballet "Undine" was given its first performance on the European continent by the Bavarian State Opera here. We did not see the London performance, but we can report that the work had a resounding success in Munich.

"Undine" was commissioned by Covent Garden, and Henze doubtless wrote the score with Margot Fonteyn in mind. She danced the title role in London, and her partner was no less a personage than Michael Somes. The role of "Undine" overshadows the entire piece and demands a very good ballerina indeed. Munich produced such a one in the person of Dulce Anaya, a new name in ballet, of whom more will undoubtedly be heard in the future. She is currently engaged at the Stuttgart Opera and appeared in Munich as guest performer. A more perfect water-sprite could hardly be imagined. She is small but unusually supple and graceful and possesses an excellent technique.

Her opposite number, the young fisher who spends the evening trying to make up his mind in favor of his terrestrial love or the nymph, was danced most convincingly by Franz Bauer, and the rest of the cast was of excellent quality. The stage sets were somewhat on the prosaic side, but ballet master Alan Carter's imaginative choreography kept things moving most of the evening, with only an occasional dead spot—no mean achievement considering the fact that this is an evening-long piece.

The choice of the old-fashioned romantic story of Undine by this young composer will not surprise anyone who has followed Henze's development in recent years. He started out his compositorial career immediately after the war as an *enfant terrible* of the most radical, post-Webern tendencies, and for several years he terrorized German audiences with his atonal stridencies. Some seven years ago he moved to Italy, and since that time his music has gradually become "Mediterraneanized." By degrees he withdrew from the serially minded *avant garde* and has long since been excommunicated and consigned to Hades by the musical left wing.

Henze's "retrograde" development reaches its most extreme point to date in "Undine." Although dissonance is used freely, when an expressive purpose is to be achieved, the score also contains many technical devices that can (with no deprecation) be termed conventional: ostinatos, sequences, modulations, tonality, triads, regular rhythms and periods, and the like. The emancipated Henze, who now finds the shackles of serial technique too restricting, mixes his techniques with an expert hand and thereby achieves a broad spectrum of expressive and dramatic colors.

Above all, this is music *par excellence* for dancing, not only in its clear rhythmic structure but also in the brilliant orchestration. In its peculiar synthesis of modern German romanticism with Italian clarity and directness it catches splendidly the spirit of Lamotte-Fouqué's fairy tale.

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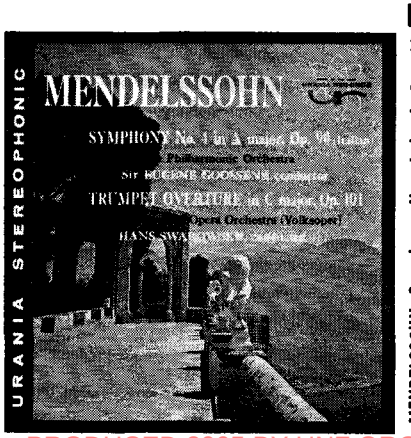

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THE AMEN CORNER

Names and Numbers

THIS department has been so busy recently with general musical meditations that we have skimped on the mention of current waxworks. Herewith we try to make amends, with something for almost any jazz taste:

1. TRADITIONAL NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND PARADE MUSIC—"Jazz Begins" by the Young Tuxedo Brass Band is an LP by a deeply atavistic outfit whose youngest member is old enough to have been born in 1923. After a number of hymns in the stridently mournful Crescent City manner, led by John Casimir's clarinet, the band breaks into post-funeral syncopated marches and is joined by Jim Robinson, the late Bunk Johnson's celebrated tailgate trombone player. All these men have preserved their ancient idiom about as carefully as the Nō players of Japan, and the disc (Atlantic 1297) stands up well against the earlier recordings of clarinetist George Lewis and the Eureka Brass Band (Pax 9001).

2. NEW ORLEANS JAZZ REVIVED—"Oh Play That Thing!" offers a group of classics rendered by Pee Wee Irwin's Dixieland Eight, with the leader on trumpet and the forthright Lou McGarrity on trombone. The selections include several Jelly Roll Morton compositions: "Kansas City Stomps," "Black Bottom Stomp," "Grandpa's Spells" and "Georgia Swing." I would still much rather have Morton's loose-jointed original recordings, but this revivalism is full of pulse and fervor (United Artists UAL 4010).

3. SOCIETY BOUNCE, BOSTON DIVISION. Harry Marshard is to Boston debutante parties what Lester Lanin is to New York's and Meyer Davis to Philadelphia's (all three, of course, work as far around the map as they can get). The sounds of each are virtually interchangeable, but represent a modest worth, like the better California Riesling or New Jersey beer. Given a ready audience, Marshard can make a fine dancing evening, and he has made thousands. There is a nice mixture of tunes on a recent Marshard LP, ranging from "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" to the latterly sensational "Volare" (Cadence CLP 4011).

4. SWINGMASTER IN A NEW SETTING—Benny Carter is one of the finest alto saxophonists in jazz history, fluent, sensitive, graceful. He is also a trumpeter of skill. In a new LP he is joined by one old friend, tenor saxophonist Ben Webster, and some of the top-notch modern players: Frank Rosolino, trombone; Andre Previn or Jimmy Rowles, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. This blend devote themselves to some elegant blues and a program of timeless tunes including "Old Fashioned Love," "Blue Lou," and "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me." It is a quietly handsome record, with several of Carter's delicately inflected solos (Contemporary C 3555).

5. MODERN JAZZ COMPOSER IN FULL DRESS—"Benny Golson's New York Scene" reveals the composer-tenor saxophonist Golson in a suave program, featuring his own work, which specially highlights the leader, trumpeter Art Farmer, and pianist Wynton Kelly. This is on the plush side of modern jazz—what might be called post-Ellingtonian music. It is seldom if ever as dramatic as Ellington, but it is redolent and subtle and beautifully played, both in solo and in ensemble (Contemporary C 3552).

6. HIGH MODERN TRUMPET STAR—Art Farmer, also appearing on the record above, is surely one of the outstanding modern jazz instrumentalists, a paragon of warmth, invention and finish. Just how versatile he is—always within the bounds of musical felicity—has perhaps never been so evident as it is in "Portrait of Art Farmer," where he is accompanied only by Hank Jones, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; and Roy Haynes, drums. I would single out his version of "The Very Thought of You" for several reasons: for Farmer's and Jones's lovely improvisation; for the way in which a modern jazz rhythm section can express so much more than rhythmic impulse and support; and for the lyricism which, I am happy to find, seems to be increasingly important among modern jazz musicians, as against their well-known preoccupation with rapid pyrotechnics. As Farmer says of another of his numbers, Benny Golson's "Stablemates": ". . . the melody isn't just one of those things with just a long line of eighth notes. It's really a melody; somebody could sing it without singing sixty words a minute." (Contemporary C 3554).

7. CHAMBER JAZZ DE LUXE—The hour, whenever it may be, which calls for something dulcet but rhythmically in-

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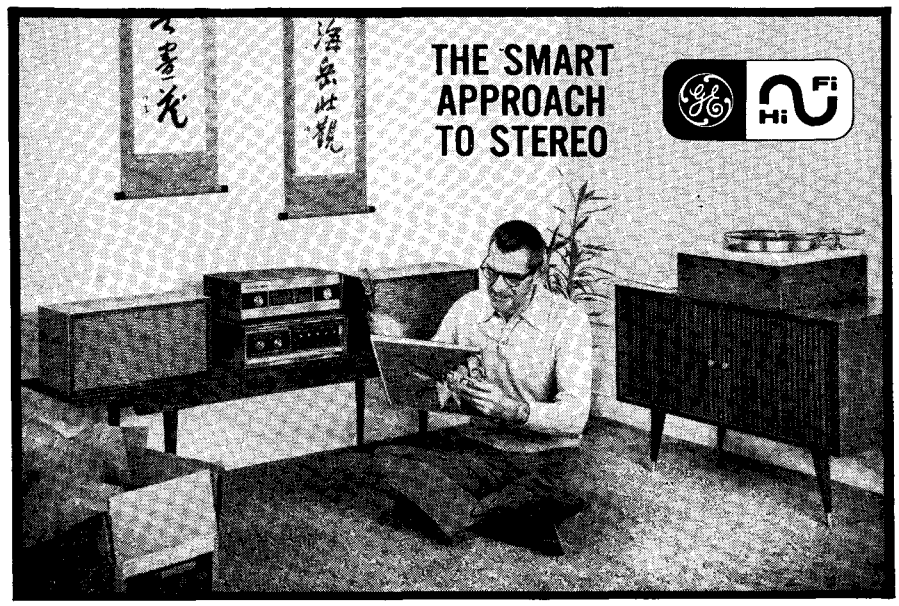
sinuating will be well served by Barney Kessel, guitar; Shelly Manne, drums; and Ray Brown, bass. They are a famous trio, as is suggested by their album title: "The Poll Winners Ride Again!" The title fails to suggest their deft, subdued necromancy, and over the years, I suppose, I have failed to acknowledge my full musical debt to Shelly Manne's drumming. I sometimes feel that, on this page, I indulge altogether too often in superlatives, but that, after all, is what the title "The Amen Corner" implies, and it is a fact that there are musicians like Manne who can repeatedly give one a sense that he is in touch with perfection. There are forms of imperfection which rise to other kinds of heights, and they are not Manne's. But he will do. (Contemporary C 3556).

8. MODERN BARREL HOUSE—The pianist-composer Thelonious Monk is with us again with his quartet, the others being Johnny Griffin, tenor sax; Ahmed Abdul Malik, bass; and Roy Haynes, bass. The six numbers include five by Monk and a dissonantal Monkish treatment of "Just a Gigolo." The jacket of the album is a reproduction of one of Chirico's weirdly twilit groupings of architectural and human motifs. It is a temptation to say that anyone who does not respond to Chirico's forms will not respond to Monk's, but I know that is a non-sequitur. I will simply remark that this band gives me modern, sophisticated suggestion of the early morning fantasies which the gifted jazz players of an earlier day often elaborated when they felt free to experiment with their art. I should think that the remarkable polyrhythmic interplay between the men would be exciting to anyone who has ever responded to jazz rhythms; and I will let the listener go on from there (Riverside RLP 12-279).

—WILDER HOBSON.

Monk—"early morning fantasies."



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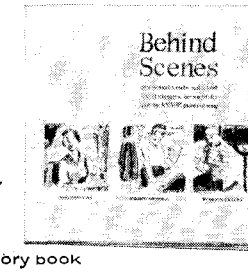

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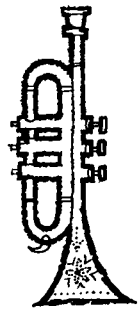
such brass!



In his play "J.B.," Archibald MacLeish tells of a man who suffers all the misfortunes life can throw at him. All except one. He never had to live next door to a boy studying the trumpet. Has it ever happened to you?

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By FERNANDO VALENTI

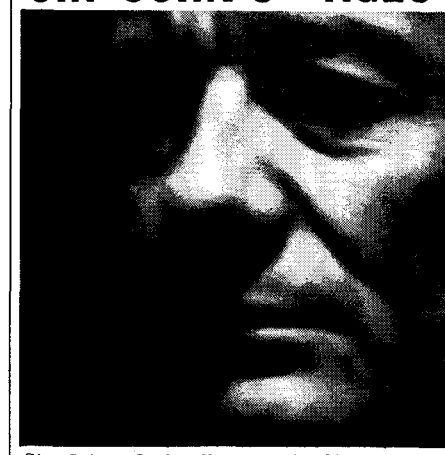
CENTURIES ago, the Spanish people seized upon a stringed instrument that was probably Moorish in origin, and made it incontestably their own. Perhaps no instrument in history has come to be identified so closely with a cultural heritage or a national folklore. It is curious that this identification is usually thought of as being limited to the traditional music of the people, the flamenco idioms, the unwritten wealth of popular songs and dances that have always exerted irresistible fascination even for non-Spaniards, from Glinka to Ravel.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Throughout the ages, the guitar has acquired a history of learnedness equal to that of any instrument in the development of Western music. Without having to rely for its antiquity on its relation to the "Vihuela," the guitar had "methods" and theoretical treatises written about it by important figures as early as the sixteenth century, and probably earlier. However effectively the guitar may consort with the fervors and frenzies of the flamenco style, it must not be forgotten that it is possessed of a great tradition of its own as an instrument for the expression of some very high forms of "art music." Any guitar enthusiast who wants to do a little "name dropping" has only to mention Boccherini, Paganini, Schubert, Sor and many others.

If anyone were to suggest to this reviewer that Andres Segovia can be considered to embody a culmination in our time of the radiant history of this instrument, there would be no objection at all. There is more to

Segovia—"a culmination . . . of the radiant history of this instrument."

SIR JOHN'S "AGES"



Sir John Gielgud's recital, Shakespeare's "Ages of Man," is a splendid union of one of our greatest actors and the greatest poet the world has ever known, meeting in a flashing fusion of dramatic art. Called "a masterpiece" by New York critics, its limited engagement was completely SRO. Fortunately for those who could not see it, this unforgettable lesson in the art of acting has been preserved on Columbia Records.

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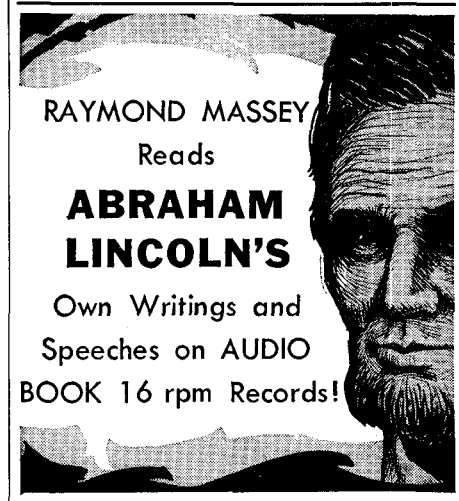

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Andres Segovia than the hundreds of concerts he has given and continues to give before spell-bound audiences all over the world. He has brought his exquisite art to consummate perfection and has built his edifice of an enduring fibre.

Nothing can better support this eulogy, if so it be, than "Segovia, Golden Jubilee," currently released by Decca in commemoration of his debut fifty years ago. An admirable cross-section of the extensive Segovia repertoire, it is as sumptuous a presentation as any de luxe release can be. The album contains extensive notes, numerous pictures, a concise history of the guitar, some extracts from Segovia's autobiography (soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.), and even a poem by Carl Sandburg, dedicated to him.

In the course of the six rich and varied LP sides, we hear music familiar as well as strange; we hear authentic voices of the past and present as well as some of the outstanding transcriptions of his own with which Mr. Segovia has immeasurably enriched the guitar repertoire.

The set is not without definite high points, either. Not the least of these is a spoken message by Segovia. Another is the performance of a transcription by Manuel Ponce of a highly animated "Prelude" by Sylvius Weiss, a little-known German composer who died in 1650. Ponce's transcription is for guitar and harpsichord, the latter instrument being played with freshness and vitality by Rafael Puyana, the young South American harpsichordist. Still another is Segovia's transcription of "The Old Castle" from the Moussorgsky "Pictures," which is played with appropriate spookiness.

The last two sides are devoted to works for guitar and orchestra, the first of these being the "Concierto del Sur" or "Concerto of the South," written by Manuel Ponce and previously widely applauded in Europe and Latin America. The orchestra is the "Symphony of the Air" conducted by Enrique Jorda. It is true that the Ponce concerto is highly evocative, but it manages never to become distressingly reminiscent, despite the patent limitation of any completely nationalistic style.

Andres Segovia, at the zenith of his powers, has come fifty years beyond his first recital. There is no doubt that such a man will go far beyond. Decca leads the way in paying him tribute with its anniversary issue. Let other people in other ways continue to do the same, for, his art proves that the quiet voice can speak as much (or more), sense as the loudest one.

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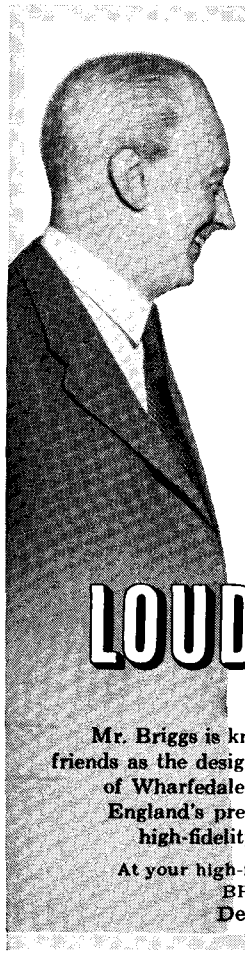

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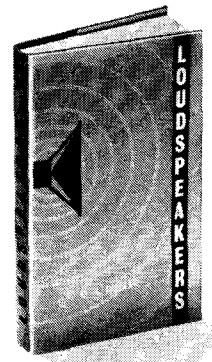

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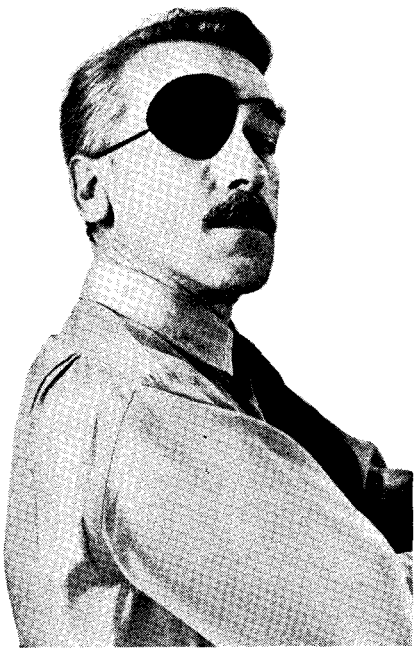

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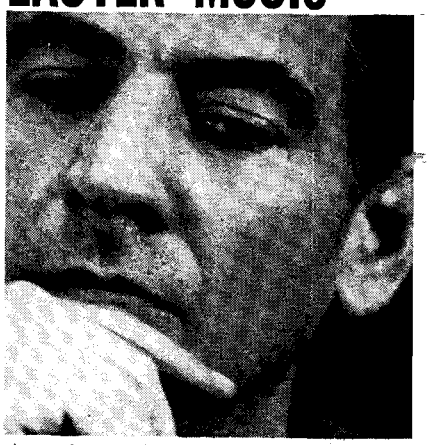
CRYPTOGRAMS, puzzles, double-crostics and the like exert their special fascination. Applied to art, they can also be remarkably intriguing. Personally, I have always preferred to find my aesthetic enjoyment separately from my voluntary puzzlement. I have long felt it is best if the problem can be, in a sense, suppressed, or so subservient that it emerges merely as the by-product of aesthetic experience rather than the absorbing force. Krenek has long found obvious joy in the compounding of problems. But let us not fail to praise him for his effortless skill in being able to solve them.

Pulling restrictions, limitations, inhibitions, and problems about him like a hibernating animal at the touch of winter, he proceeds to cope with such complications with creative glee. What bigger hurdle could one impose than coping with a sestina, which, should you query, is: "one of the serially organized forms of poetry developed by the troubadors in the twelfth century" (*cf.* A. Jeanroy, "La 'Sestina Doppia' de Dante et les Origines de la Sextine" in *Romania,* vol. 42, 1913). The first sestina is ascribed to Arnault (not Oliver) Daniel, who died in 1199. Practically, a sestina consists of six blank verses hinging on six keywords, which appear at the endings of the individual lines. The six stanzas are followed by a tornada of three lines in which the keywords, one of each pair in the middle and the other at the end of the line, appear in the order 2 5, 4 3, 6 1.

Krenek wrote his sestina in German in Tujunga, Calif., in June 1957, which proves again that the world of the mind and that of *terra firma* are perhaps eternally separate. The first stanza in Krenek's English translation reads:

Bygone are sound and mourning, tender stream.
Vibration of the second becomes the measure.
What lives in history, was it only chance?
Decline, fading sound, vanished shape?
The hour causes change, turns the time
What looks ahead subordinates itself to number.

MESSIAH: EASTER MUSIC



According to Leonard Bernstein, the 53 separate pieces of music which make up Handel's *Messiah* fit neatly into two sections, each a dramatic, emotional entity. Part 1, released this past December, tells the Christmas story. Here now is the second or Easter portion for your enjoyment at this time.

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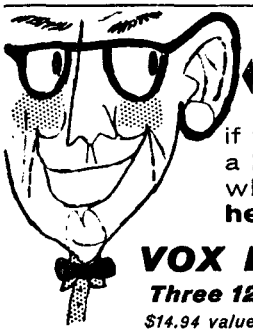

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In the concluding tornada Krenek poeticises, and perhaps a bit conceitedly, saying:

As I with measure master sound
and time,
Shape recedes in unmeasured
chance.
The crystal of number releases
life's stream.

To some listeners the musical setting may perhaps seem too preoccupied with numbers. But Krenek in his individual way does, as he says, "master sound." He clothes his sestina with post-Webern sonics that might either delight or perplex the devotees of Stravinsky now writing under his newly assumed Webern-Schoenberg mantle. But Krenek, like Riegger and others here, discovered such devices long before. Perhaps the next Stravinsky period will be in the vernacular of Krenek or Riegger. Who knows?

But with a piece such as Krenek's "Sestina," controversy must obviously evolve. Like the gallery-goer who maintains he knows nothing about art but knows what he likes, the average musical listener, untutored in the mysteries of what he is hearing, may dislike what comes to his ears. But the "Sestina" is not only an intriguing piece, but one of the memorable moments done in a style of our time. Krenek has produced some unusual examples of the essence of a dead Vienna. It is curious that California should be spawning so much of this spirit, with the late Arnold Schoenberg, Krenek, and now Stravinsky dodecaphonizing beneath the smog.

Krenek's "Lamentation of Jeremiah" is a powerful, and in fact, masterful work. It is intense and fuses brilliantly the elements of medievalism with contemporary musical serial techniques. The Choir of the State School for Church Music in Dresden pour forth their voices as they might for Orlando Lassus and his kin. This is a touching work, and while strikingly individual, relates to Lou Harrison's Mass and Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum." —OLIVER DANIEL.

Krenek—"controversy must . . . evolve."

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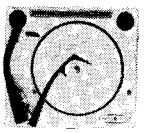

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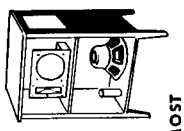

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Tapes in Review

STRAVINSKY: *"Firebird" Suite. Pierre Monteux conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo tape BCS-88. $6.95. *The same. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. ("Petrushka" also.)* Capitol stereo tape ZF-49. $14.95.

WITH TWENTY-TWO recordings of fifteen works on disc, Stravinsky is moving into the stereophonic age in a phalanx with such fairly established names as Beethoven and Mozart. In so far as "Firebird" itself is concerned, three earlier tape versions are now joined by RCA Victor's release of Monteux's performance with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra—adding up to a variety of approaches that would seem comprehensive enough to satisfy virtually everyone.

Of the previous releases, Columbia's of Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic (IMB-3) and Vox's of Horenstein with the Southwest German Radio Orchestra (S-710) were reviewed here earlier. For some reason, however, Capitol's album of Stokowski and the Berlin Philharmonic seems to have been overlooked by this department when first released, and so receives belated mention.

Two more dissimilar approaches to the "Firebird" could scarcely be found than those of Monteux and Stokowski—the one proportioned, Gallicly lucid, the other large-scaled and opulently Russian. Monteux's reading from first to last is an unforced flowering of musical effects, explicit but immaculately blended. The woodwinds and strings have the light, transparent character that seems the peculiar property of French orchestras, and which is especially well suited to the sheer orchestration of the (1919) version used here. Monteux's tempi are never rushed—even the Infernal Dance has a kind of controlled madness—but there is no inertness to any of the dramatic episodes, all of which are sensitively detailed. The fine recording sound contributes further to the luminous effect.

Stokowski's orchestrally heavier presentation stresses the music's exotic coloring and darkly romantic quality. The resulting brilliance highlights the glittering palette that was Rimsky-Korsakoff's legacy to the young Stravinsky and provides an expansive and stirring statement of the work. Such unrelieved lushness, however, tends at times to become op-

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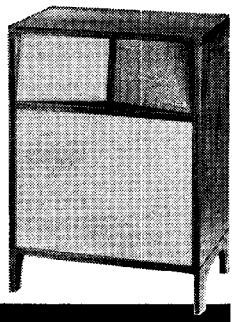

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pressive. To stand up against the highly charged whole, Kashchei's daemonic dance becomes so extravagantly violent that the vivid instrumental timbres succumb to sheer dynamic weight.

A fine recording does much to conserve the music's characteristic clarity, but the interpretive accent is less on detail than on drama. As a companion piece, the composer's "Petrushka" Suite receives much the same treatment, a dramatically impressive heightening of sonorities that pointlessly inflates the music's subtle grotesqueries.

Regarding the other "Firebird" releases, Bernstein's approach is perhaps the most poetic, but it continues to strike me as curiously timid and small-scaled. Of the four, that by Horenstein still provides the greatest vitality and dramatic weight. The tone of his German orchestra is less luminous than Monteux's French forces, less opulent than Stokowski's, but the exceptionally fine recording seems to register more detail. Neither are Horenstein's tempi as scrupulous as Monteux's, but his piquant phrasing manages to achieve the maximum of expression with a minimum of heaviness.

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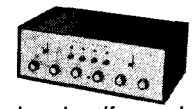

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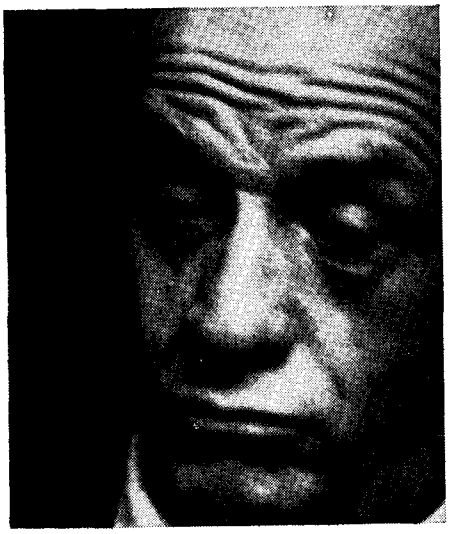

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them in this country, whereas the sixty-six Royal Guardsmen—seeming almost visibly to step along in their black bearskin headgear and scarlet tunics—invest their playing with a grave nobility and the authority of a long tradition.

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None of the pieces puts any particular strain on Oistrakh's seemingly infinite resources of tone and technique, but he places these at the service of all four with a cordial sympathy that spins out "Clair de Lune" on a fine silver thread and lifts the rhapsodic "Extase" and the vivacious Valse-Scherzo several cuts above their usual "concert filler" status.

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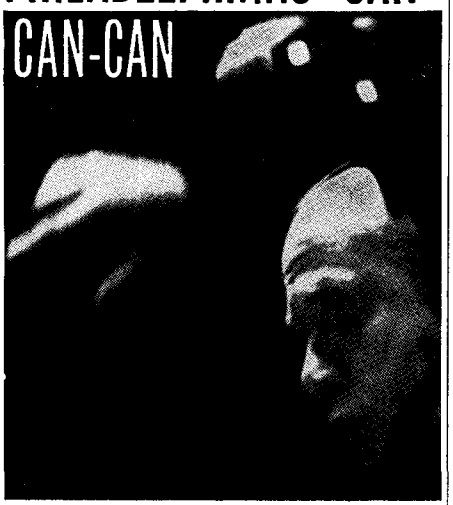

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Music in Moscow

Continued from page 47

relatively small amount of money for the finished product, the artist, and the comparative generosity during the years of tutoring the student, is that the State has adequately paid and educated him over a period of years. If he becomes a teacher at the Conservatory, he receives a good salary (regardless of how many pupils he has), and there are various perquisites—summer houses, and a full pension whenever he wishes to retire. In theory, it all equals out in the end, and the Soviet musician, by Soviet standards, is well taken care of. When artists travel abroad, they naturally receive enormous sums that they spend frequently on musical instruments. Russian pianos are extremely poor—many of them still in concert use date from before the Revolution. M. Rostropovich, the cellist, had such a sorry-looking violoncello when he arrived in England a couple of years ago that his manager gave him some varnish before he left for America. The rest of their foreign money usually goes on clothes, prams, gadgets.

The Soviet Union's finest musicians come, naturally, from the strict, star-studded Conservatory. But it is by no means the only music school. There are dozens and dozens of lesser ones in Moscow and all over the country. At a rough guess, I would estimate that Russia has more musicians of one kind or another than any country in the world. (You can even take a degree in balalaika and join the State Balalaika Orchestra of a hundred members.) There is literally a plethora of different kinds of musicians, but outlets and opportunities are proportionate. The great Moscow State Orchestra is the aim of every instrumentalist. The three or four opera houses in Moscow have casts of singers and choruses which are, to put it conservatively, multitudinous. The Bolshoi Theatre for opera and ballet is the best of these. Every theatre in Russia has an orchestra attached to it of twenty to thirty members and a chorus of ten to twenty singers. Even in "talking" plays, an orchestra strikes up a tune.

With the musicians and their opportunities comes finally the audience. The abstract pleasure of listening to music is a genuine part of Russian life, although concerts are not invariably as jam-packed as propagandists like to make out. It is true that even classical records are sometimes sold out on the day of their issue. Symphonies are played

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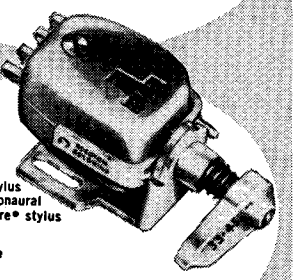

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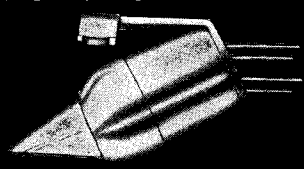

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not only on the radio, but on television, which operates only a few hours in the evenings and is concert music's most unrewarding medium as the Russians manage it. Judging by the number of times I heard the word *"kontsyert"* (concert) in casual conversation, it is clear the Russians are concerned with music. The Russians have a knack of using the word "concert" in opposition to the word "theatre," which is rather baffling to a foreigner. People will ask you, "Do you like concerts *or* the theatre?" If you ask someone, "Do you like the theatre?" the answer can be, "No, I like concerts." I have also heard people say, "I used to go to the theatre, but now I go to concerts," or vice versa. The only possible explanation I can find for this antipathetical juxtaposition is that entertainments here are not few, necessarily, but unvaried. Of an evening, about the only thing to do is either a "concert" or a "theatre."

Although some Russians take their music with deadly seriousness, others are not afraid to joke about it, too. The local puppet theatre occasionally mocks a famous singer who is too fat or whose voice is too shrill. One of the best lines in a popular current play I saw recently occurs when a factory worker says to his factory girl sweetheart, "You don't like opera. I don't like opera. Let's get married." The audience applauds enthusiastically in commiseration. As in every country, the younger generation is frankly bored with "concerts" and heavy music. The ones I have talked to often resent being a captive audience. Loud speakers in parks and on holidays in all the downtown streets blare out the classics—complete symphonies, full operas—in unmitigated continuation. As one young Russian described it to me, "It's like forcible feeding. It's supposed to be good for us. Nothing could make me like that kind of music." Then he asked me if I had any Glenn Miller records, the jazz the USSR considers "up to date."

While fully recognizing the marvels of the Moscow Conservatory and the full-blown state of music in the USSR, I have certain reservations. At the center of these lies the aspect of musical life that most strikes the foreigner—Russia's implacable self-reliance, its predominantly indigenous quality. Whatever Revolution there may have been, today there is no revolt against Russia's musical past. Soviet Russia feeds off itself and reiterates its masterpieces the year round in a way I can only compare to our use of "The Messiah" at Christmastime.

The Government is loosening up now about letting outside influences in, and this year the Russians heard some music by our composers, Creston, Piston, Hanson and Copland. The more they hear of our music, the more food for thought they will have. Already inroads are being made. While paying homage to the immense achievements of Russian music in the past, and once again at present, the average Russian still recognizes the lacks in his music—a kind of malleability, a tenderness, a softness. One member of the Moscow State Orchestra said to me not long ago, "The Boston Symphony Orchestra ruined us last year. They opened the season and played so much better than we." And another friend of mine said, "When I heard 'Porgy and Bess,' I *felt* opera for the first time," and added, "those were your greatest singers, weren't they? What conservatory did they go to?"

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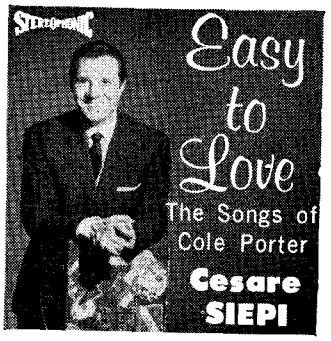

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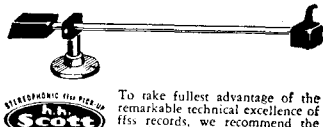

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